The Forum

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THE THIRD-TERM TRADITION.

THE framers of the Constitution of the United States never for a moment supposed that their work could remain unchanged for all time to come. That new conditions which they could not then foresee would arise, and would have to be met by remedies they could not possibly devise, was as well known to them as the fact that such conditions have arisen is known to us. They provided, therefore, that the Constitution may be amended in either of two ways. One of these ways has never yet been used. The other has been used so sparingly that although many hundreds of amendments have been offered in Congress, but nineteen have ever been sent to the States.

That so many have been offered and so few been chosen is because some were trivial, because some were intended to cure ills that were but temporary and soon passed away, and because there has gradually been formed an unwritten constitution which in great measure does away with the need of amendments.

This unwritten constitution is made up of decisions of the Supreme Court, which are regarded as final; of customs and usages which experience has shown to be good and useful; and of certain interpretations and constructions of the written Constitution by the people. In the Constitution, for instance, we read that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." It is by no means obligatory on him to do so. The language is "he may,"—not "he must." Yet upon this slender authority has

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been founded a council utterly unknown to the Constitution. The first President began the custom of never adopting any policy, never taking any important step, till he had gathered about him for consultation his Attorney-General and his Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War. Every succeeding President has followed his example till the Cabinet—a piece of political machinery the Constitution did not create, nor its framers contemplate—has come to be looked upon as a prime necessity in our system of federal government. On no part again, of the Constitution, did the Convention spend more pains than on the sections which define the manner of electing a President. Some members were for having him chosen by the governors of the States; some by Congress; some by lot; some wanted an Executive of three men,—one from the Eastern, one from the Middle, and one from the Southern States. All were agreed that the choice should not be left to the people,—to do which, as one member of the Convention expressed it, would be as foolish as to leave the selection of colors to a blind man. At length they adopted the method of choosing by electors, and, taking the system by which Maryland chose her State senators, modelled after it the Electoral Colleges of the States. Their plain intention was that the Presidential electors should do two things,—select a suitable man to be President, and then elect him to the office. The people were to have no direct part in the matter. But our Constitution was not very old when the need of unity of action among the electors of the same party became apparent, and Presidential candidates began to be nominated first by the Congressional Caucus, then by State legislatures, and at last by the National Nominating Convention. As every elector is expected to give his vote for the nominee of his party, the Electoral Colleges are practically stripped of all power in the election of a President, are reduced to mere boards for registering and formally transmitting the result of the popular vote, and a highly important provision of the written Constitution is reversed and nullified by a custom which forms a part of the unwritten constitution.

Much the same thing has taken place with regard to the President's term of office. Every phase of that question, from the expediency of a short term with re-election, to a long term without re-election, seems to have been carefully considered. At the outset the general opinion of the delegates was that Congress should elect the President; that his term of office should be three years; and that he should be re-eligible, as the doctrine of rotation would tend, it was said, to throw out of office the men best fitted to execute its duties. On the other

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hand, many of the members were very earnest for a term of seven years and no re-election. The Executive, said they, is to be chosen by the legislature, and will be absolutely dependent on it, as its creature and the Executive of its will and of the laws it passes. A long term with no succession to office will prevent a false complaisance on the part of the legislature toward an unfit man, and the temptation on the part of a bad Executive to intrigue with the legislature for reappointment. One member begged hard for triennial election with ineligibility after nine years: but the States by a vote of five to four decided that the President's term should be seven years, and by a vote of seven to two made him ineligible to re-election. Later on in the debate the members changed their minds, struck out this prohibition, and, by a vote of six States to four declared him to be eligible to re-election. Ten days later, however, on the motion of Mason of Virginia, this decision was set aside, and the resolution passed that the "Executive be appointed for seven years, and be ineligible a second time."

This seemed to be final. But when the Committee of Detail made its report, there was another struggle to take the election from Congress. So earnest was the effort that the Convention could come to no conclusion, and in despair sent the matter, with a great many others, to a committee of one from each of the eleven States, which in time reported a plan for a choice by an Electoral College,—or, in case the College failed to elect, by the Senate,—and fixed the term at four years. In the debate which followed, a member of the committee told the Convention that the sole purpose of the plan offered by the Committee of Eleven was to get rid of the provision, in the report of the Committee of Detail, that a President could not be re-elected, and so make him independent of Congress. He was assured that the College would never elect; that the Senate would always make the choice; and that the President would be the creature of one branch of Congress. But the idea of re-election to many terms carried the day, and with some slight changes the recommendation of the Committee of Eleven was incorporated in the Constitution.

From all this it is quite clear that the intention of the framers was that a President might be elected over and over again as many times as the electors saw fit to choose him. This was no carelessly formed decision; but was the result of a long and bitter experience under the old Articles of Confederation they were about to overthrow. At the outbreak of the Revolution the belief was general that the liberties of the people and the rights of the States would not be safe under any

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system of general government, if the members of the federal legislature held their offices for a long term, or were repeatedly elected to it. The Articles of Confederation therefore carefully provided that the members of the Continental Congress should be chosen annually; that they might be recalled at any time by the States that sent them; and that no delegate should hold his office for more than three years in any term of six. The result was disastrous. Congress was a small body. The duties thrust on each member were diverse and important. Yet the moment he began to be fairly familiar with his duties, the moment he began to be a really efficient servant of the people, his term expired, and he returned, in the language of the time, "to the body of the people," lest another term in Congress should "breed a lust of power." It was with the intention of preventing this loss of the services of valuable and experienced men that the fathers carefully abstained from placing any limit on the time of service of Senators and Representatives, and, after due consideration, reversed their action and removed a limit they had placed on the number of times a citizen could be elected President.

But again their purpose has been defeated and their judgment condemned by that great tribunal—the people—before which, in our country, all public issues must sooner or later be tried. Again the unwritten constitution has amended the written, and no task is now quite so hopeless as that of re-electing a President to a third term. For much of this, precedent is alone responsible. Had our first President been willing to accept a third term,—and the people would gladly have given it,—he would in all likelihood have been followed by a long line of Presidents each serving for twelve instead of eight years. But he was weary of office and gladly laid it down. His motive for this act is so often forgotten that it is well to quote from his "Farewell Address":

> "The acceptance and continuance hitherto in office, to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference to what appeared to be your wishes. . . . I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the pursuit of duty or propriety."

No scruples about a third term troubled him in the least. He went back to private life solely because he was tired of the Presidency, and because the state of the country did not demand a further sacrifice of his comfort. Yet this act set an example which for many years was followed implicitly by his successors, though it was long before the people saw anything wrong in the suggestion of a third term. Mr.

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Jefferson was the first to point this out. More than two years before his second term ended, the legislature of Vermont, on November 5, 1806, formally invited him to become a candidate for a third term, and the great Republican strongholds made haste to follow her. Georgia joined in the request in December; Maryland in January, 1807; Rhode Island in February; New York and Pennsylvania in March; and New Jersey in December. North Carolina joined later. So far Jefferson had made no reply, but the time had now come to speak out, for in a few weeks it would be the duty of the Congressional Caucus to nominate—or, as the phrase went, recommend—a candidate. On the 10th of December, 1807, therefore, he replied to the invitations of Vermont, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and gave his reasons for declining a third term. He said:

"That I should lay down my charge at a proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the first person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office."

The enemies of Mr. Jefferson have asserted that his long silence was due to policy and not to indifference, that the thirteen months which elapsed between the November day, 1806, when the legislature of Vermont invited him to run again, and the 10th of December, 1807, when he answered with his famous letter, were spent in a careful nursing of what in the political language of our time would be called "his boom"; and that he did not say No, till he was quite sure that it would be folly to say Yes. The charge is unfair and unjust; yet the fact remains that he could not possibly have been elected. There were then seventeen States in the Union casting 176 electoral votes, making 89 necessary for a choice. On the 10th of December, 1807, these votes stood:

For Jefferson and a Third Term		*Federalist States*		*Republican States not declaring for Third Term, and supporting Madison*	
Vermont	6	New Hampshire	7	Virginia	24
Rhode Island	4	Massachusetts	19	South Carolina	10
New York	19	Connecticut	9	Ohio	3
Pennsylvania	20	Delaware	3	Kentucky	8
New Jersey	8	Maryland	2	Tennessee	5
Maryland	9		40		50
Georgia	6				
North Carolina	14				
	86				

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It will be observed that in the list of third-term States the full electoral vote of each is given to Jefferson, except in the case of Maryland, which in 1804 and in 1808 cast two Federalist votes. These, therefore, have been taken from him in the table, leaving him 86, or just three short of a bare majority. As a matter of fact the third-term States, when the election took place, cast but 79 Republican votes, for Rhode Island was carried by the Federalists, who also secured three votes in North Carolina.

Mr. Jefferson's chances in the Caucus, which met on the 23d of January, 1808, were very poor. They were poorer still before the people, who, the land over, most heartily indorsed his anti-third-term principles. The democratic citizens of Adams County, Pennsylvania, in public meeting assembled at Gettysburg, approved "that manly and sublime effort which dictated your determination to retire from public life at the close of the next elective period of your authority." At a meeting of delegates from the wards of Philadelphia an address was drawn up in which the President was assured that—

—"in yielding homage to the motives which have induced your voluntary retirement from public life, while surrounded by the warmest affections of the people, we derive consolation from the consideration that your example may operate on all future Presidents to pursue a course which has added lustre to your character, already dear to liberty and to your country."

The Senate of Maryland in a long address told him:

"Whilst we daily appreciate the motives which induce you to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom the choice of our next President is to be made, and whilst we revere the patriotism which dictated those motives, permit us still to indulge the pleasing hope that when the next period of presidential election approximates [1812], should the united voice of your countrymen require it, those same motives and that same patriotism will induce you to sacrifice your private wishes and convenience to your country's good."

Even the legislature of the far-away Territory of Orleans was moved to address the President and to heartily commend his wise decision. Their address said:

"However we may regret, in common with our fellow citizens of the United States, this determination to decline being a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people, the motives which induce it afford another proof of your patriotism, and must command the approbation of the country."

The Tammany Society of Philadelphia, while celebrating its anniversary in May, 1808, drank to the toast, "President Jefferson—Rota-

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tion in office is the bulwark of freedom. His precedent deserves our homage and our gratitude, and traitors would alone refuse them." On the Fourth of July his conduct was very generally approved in some such toast as this: "Jefferson—May his successor imitate his virtues and follow his motto, rotation in office."

That his virtues had any influence on his successors is exceedingly doubtful; but his bold assertion that two terms were all that it was safe to give any President had a deep and lasting influence on the people, and did far more than the example of Washington to establish the unwritten law which for more than sixty years none of his successors was hardy enough to defy.

Of our later Presidents Jackson is the only one who could have defied it. He was the first "man of the people" to be raised to the office of Chief Magistrate. In his day democracy was indeed triumphant, and he was the ideal democrat. No one else has ever closed a second term more honored, more truly beloved by the people than on the day whereon he began his first term. He had but to say the word, and he would surely have been thrice President of the United States. But he, too, would not break through the unwritten law, and during six-and-thirty years the question of a third term was not heard of, for in all that long period no Presidents save Lincoln and Grant were given even a second term. But at length, in 1872, the question did come up in a very definite form. The second election of Grant, it will be remembered, took place in the autumn of that year, and was scarcely over when the "New York Herald" raised the cry of Cæsarism, and loudly proclaimed that our republican institutions were threatened with ruin by the probable re-election of Grant in 1876. The possibility of such an event was four years away; yet so great was the dread of it that the third-term question became a real political issue. Other newspapers echoed the cry. Public men were called on to define their position. Political conventions declared against it in their platforms, and finally, as the presidential year drew near, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, moved this resolution in the House of Representatives:

"*Resolved:* That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington, and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." [1]

[1] "Journal of the House of Representatives," Dec. 15, 1875, pp. 66, 67.

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How perfectly the resolution expressed the sentiments of the people is made manifest by the treatment it received at the hands of their representatives, who, without a moment's hesitation, suspended the rules and passed it, on the very day it was introduced, by a yea-and-nay vote of 234 to 18. Thirty-seven did not vote.

This ended for the time being all hope of renominating Grant, who retired at the close of his term and began his famous journey around the world. But it was only for the time being, and, as that journey drew to a close, the masters of the Republican party—Mr. Conkling, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Logan—determined to renew the old effort to re-elect him. The time seemed opportune. One of those periods of despondency—of political blues—which occasionally afflict us, had set in. The contested election of 1876; the troubles in the South; the pacific policy of Hayes; the attempt to steal the State government in Maine; and, above all, the desperate condition of the Republican party,—had aroused serious doubts as to the permanency of "our free institutions." Men were beginning to talk of a strong government, or at least of a government administered by a strong man,—such as Grant, who just at this time landed on the Pacific coast. The reception given him by his countrymen was such as has never been accorded to any other citizen, and, mistaking this outburst of gratitude for a sure sign that the people had again turned to Grant for political leadership, the effort of the machine to renominate him began in serious earnest. The struggle which followed is too recent to need description. We all remember how the dominating power of Conkling in New York, of Cameron in Pennsylvania, and of Logan in Illinois, extorted from the conventions of those States a demand for the nomination of Grant; how other States followed this lead; how the friends of the movement were denounced as "Restorationists" and "Imperialists"; how they persisted in their effort to the very last; how in the Chicago Convention they never cast less than 303 votes and once cast 313; and how by their persistence they forced that compromise which resulted in the nomination of Garfield. All these things are still fresh in our memories, and, being so, it is not a little strange that a serious effort should be on foot to give a third term to Mr. Cleveland.

The fears which tormented the founders of the Republic have long since vanished. We do not believe that our democratic institutions can ever be subverted by any occupant of the White House. We stand in no dread that the day will come when some successful general or some unscrupulous politician will first seize the Presidency and then

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use its great power to set up a life-long dictatorship, or establish a kingdom, on the ruins of the Republic. Yet there is no reason to believe that the old-time antipathy to a third term is one whit less strong than it ever was. Any sane man will admit that the bank, or the railroad company, or the corporation of any sort that should dismiss a tried and able president merely because the stockholders had twice placed him in the executive chair, would deserve financial ruin. No tendency in the business world is more marked than the constant effort to find men pre-eminently fitted to carry on certain lines of business, and to place the management of such concerns entirely in their hands. But the common-sense rules which govern the selection of the president of a corporation do not apply in the election of a President of the United States. Our Presidents are not chosen because of their fitness, but because of their availability. Some are dark horses; some are nominated because they alone can reconcile contending factions; some because they can carry pivotal States. Others are forced on the voters by the machine. In theory this is all wrong. In practice no harm comes from it. Under our system of government we do not want, we do not need, a President of extraordinary ability. The average man is good enough, and for him two terms is ample. We want a strong government of the people by the people, not a government of the people by a strong man, and we ought not to tolerate anything which has even the semblance of heredity. The advocates of a third term for Mr. Cleveland will do well to remember the doctrine of the illustrious founder of their party, that "in no office can rotation be more expedient."

J. B. McMaster.

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THE GENERAL RAILROAD SITUATION.

So much has been written already upon the subject of railways in this country, that I do not propose to weary the readers of THE FORUM by a repetition of well-known facts. It may be assumed, I think, without fear of contradiction, that the railway situation is embraced in the following condensed outlines:

First. Railways in the United States have for several years been suffering from an intense competition, which has reduced their net profits to such an extent as to render many of them undesirable investments, while the revenues of the best of them have been seriously impaired.

Second. The causes of this decline in railway prosperity can be distinctly traced to the construction of superfluous lines, the result of which has been an increase of transportation capacity beyond the present wants of the community. Under such conditions the railways have been forced to scramble for traffic at unremunerative rates.

Third. In addition to the demoralization in rates of transportation which this sharp competition has produced, legislation in many of the Western States has been arbitrary and oppressive in assuming the power of fixing maximum charges without reference to the right of railway companies to a reasonable return upon the capital invested, and in adding yearly to the taxes upon railway property in defiance of those equitable principles upon which taxation should be founded.

Fourth. In the enforcement of the Interstate Commerce Law, which attempts to regulate railway traffic in opposition to the natural laws of trade, and refuses to them the privilege of meeting the difficulties of the situation by a simple and harmless method of distributing the whole traffic of groups of systems at common gateways, for the purpose of stopping rate-cutting and improper discrimination.

The original trouble traced to the useless multiplication of railway lines is obviously beyond remedy, except in so far as in process of time traffic may be developed in a growing country sufficiently to give full employment to the transportation agencies. This will be the ultimate relief; but it is a slow process, and the railway disease is making rapid

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progress and should be checked at once. The assumption that in time the growth in local resources and the constant expansion of interstate commerce will overtake the excessive transportation facilities is not a hazardous one. The railways of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, if not the entire railway system of New England, offer strong proof of this. In the three States named the railway lines show a construction of about one-quarter of a mile of road to the square mile of area, while construction in the Central-Western States will show about one-fifth of a mile of road to the square mile of area. Now, in Massachusetts the population is about two hundred and ninety-seven to the square mile, while in the Middle-Western States, such as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, it is about eighty to the square mile.

In the New England States named, the railways make a fair return upon the capital invested, even in these times, while in the Western States it is just the reverse. This is accounted for by the density of population in the first, and the comparative sparsity in the last. In time the Western States will overtake those of New England, and then even the present railway facilities will be inadequate. Hence I conclude that under the universal commercial law of supply and demand the railways might eventually work out their own salvation, but meanwhile they are suffering. It may be urged, against this anticipation, that railway construction will grow also; but this is not in accordance with precedents. Construction statistics prove that in the old, well-settled Eastern States, railway mileage has about reached its maximum for the present, and in the Middle-Western States it is in the declining stage, even in projection. There is, of course, but little inducement to build now, and it would be difficult to provide capital for new projects; but the decline in railway construction in the most thickly settled of the Western States is largely to be attributed to the existing facilities. A generation may pass away while we are waiting for the action of natural causes upon the railway situation, and we therefore seek for some more immediate and tangible relief.

At first sight the reader may conclude that a trouble which is confessedly to some extent the result of foolish enterprise on the part of the proprietors of railway lines, and partly to the unwise policy of competing with existing lines at ruinous traffic rates, being self-inflicted, deserves but little consideration; but there are two sides to the question. The present owners of railway property are no more responsible for the unhealthy development of railway enterprise than other people. They had nothing to do with this superfluous construction. Why,

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then, should they be deprived of sympathy because their predecessors of a former generation were mad on the subject of railway construction? And so long as the lines are here; so long as at all important competing points there are five or six lines where but two or three could do the service and do it well, how can the competition which produces demoralization be avoided? Left to its natural flow, business would go over the best and shortest lines, and therefore the inferior lines must offer some inducement in lower rates or lose the traffic entirely. Then comes the struggle, for the old lines will not submit to depletion without resisting the attacks upon their legitimate traffic. It is needless to pursue this part of the subject. It is patent to all men of intelligence.

There are six lines between Chicago and St. Louis, and seven between Chicago and Kansas City. Two or three lines could easily handle the entire traffic in either case. Between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts there are, including the Canadian Pacific Railway, six lines where but two are required for the existing traffic. In each of these cases it may be assumed that two or three of the number are at a disadvantage in the competition, by reason either of greater length or of heavier grades. It follows that to obtain a fair share of the aggregate traffic,—or what the managers consider a fair share,—the inferior lines must offer some inducement to draw from the superior channels. The lines have been constructed, and they must be operated or become valueless. Rate-cutting is the inevitable consequence.

In the consideration of these perplexing difficulties and the remedies therefor, we meet with a greater variety of nostrums for their removal than is developed in the whole range of medical science bearing upon the physical ills of humanity. Some of the propositions of intelligent men are fair, but utterly impracticable; while others are governed by a spirit of uncompromising hostility born of a stupid prejudice against all corporations, or influenced by political aspirations. Among the remedies proposed by the first is that of government ownership and control, and this proposition is supported by two distinct classes: the honest and well-meaning, who would acquire the properties by purchase; and the others, of anarchical sympathies, who would accomplish the object by confiscation. The latter may be found in the ranks of the Populists.

Referring to the first proposition, which contemplates a fair valuation and purchase, and which is therefore entitled to some respect as an honest expression of opinion, it must have become sufficiently ob-

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vious from practical experience, as illustrated by recent developments in Australia, that such a solution of our railway problem would be undesirable even were it available; but there are serious obstacles to governmental control in our case which no plans hitherto submitted to the public have taken into consideration. Here is one proposed, for example, which tries to demonstrate the feasibility of the scheme of purchase, which goes into a calculation of the net earnings of all lines during a year, and upon that result proposes to issue a 3 per cent government stock in exchange for the railway property at a fair valuation. But here the calculator ignores the fact that at least one-half of the valuation would represent a mortgage debt bearing an average interest of at least 5 per cent, and he does not seem to realize that these mortgages are contracts which cannot be touched by any legislation, except at the peril of a revolution. No right of eminent domain, no legislation for the public good, can impair the inviolability of contracts. It would then be necessary to recognize these mortgages, and the proposed issue of 3 per cent government stock would subject Government to a heavy loss. This would be intolerable. I only mention this as a fair illustration of the crudities of thought not uncommon even among men of education and high character. Beyond this is the antagonism of a free people to the concentration of power and patronage in the hands of the privileged few, which would be at once provoked. This last-named obstacle has been elaborately discussed in the railroad literature of the day. It will be an astonishing example of retrograde movement if such a scheme is ever seriously entertained in the United States. One might then anticipate a recognition of the "divine right of kings" under such a change in popular opinion, or the restoration of feudal privileges, so great appears the surrender of the personal liberty for which men struggled for ages. *Facilis descensus Averni.*

This is the railway situation. What is the remedy?

At this point it is easy to conceive the intervention of a Populist opponent, who may ask why the situation calls for any remedy at all. From his point of view, competition among the railway lines, even if destructive to their interests, is just what the people want; the laws regulating railway traffic are intended to prevent monopoly, and we do not care how fiercely the railways compete, so long as the competition results in lower rates to the public. But, setting aside the heartless character of the proposition which adopts class legislation for the public good, the real question is whether competition such as I have described

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is a benefit to the people? I contend that it is just the reverse. A healthy competition protects the people against extortion, and is doubtless beneficial; but an unhealthy competition, which gives to large shippers an immense advantage over the small, ultimately enfeebling the competitors, impairing their efficiency, and impeding the natural growth of transportation facilities, is clearly against public interests. And it is precisely in this way that the present restrictive legislation works. One of the pretended advantages of the Interstate Commerce Law is that it prevents unjust discrimination, whereas, in fact, it promotes it by increasing the advantages of shippers who control the largest amount of freight. He who cannot see this inevitable result in the reckless competition which the law encourages, is not familiar with the business of transportation.

For these reasons the remedy is required as much for the benefit of the people as for the relief of railway companies. The first step in the curative process is to repeal the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce Law, and to adopt an amendment which will legalize agreements for a division of traffic under the supervision of the Commissioners. The result of this would be to enable the strong lines to allot a percentage of the gross traffic to the inferior lines, under an agreement to maintain established rates. With such an agreement the temptation to cut rates will be removed, and the power to enforce penalties agreed upon would make violations of the agreement costly experiments. The second remedy lies in the enactment by each State of a law to regulate railway construction, similar to that in force in the New England States and in New York. The operation of this law limits railway construction to the lines which receive the approval of the railway commissioners of the State. If the public convenience demands the construction of a new line, the commissioners give their consent. If, on the contrary, the project is merely in the interest of speculators, whose design is to prey upon the traffic laboriously built up by existing lines, which are able to transact all business present or in the near future, consent is refused, and the enterprise cannot proceed. If the projectors are dissatisfied with the decision of the commission, they have the right to appeal to the Supreme Court, which can interfere if the circumstances demand it. A recent case in New York State furnishes an exact illustration. The Commission refused to approve the construction of a short line which would parallel one now running. The projectors appealed, and the Court sustained the Commission.

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These are briefly the remedies which the railway companies favor, and which men of intelligence throughout the country support, unless they have come under the baleful influence of Populistic demagogues.

My own theory, which supports movement toward railway relief, is that the business of transportation cannot be seriously injured without a corresponding detriment to the commercial and industrial interests of the country. This proposition is fortified by the experience of the last four years, which shows beyond question that no one factor has been more potent in lessening industrial activity than the increasing difficulties of railway companies. From all points of view—whether in their bad effect upon the interests of workingmen or upon the investment of foreign capital, or in the development of enterprise—there is no single influence which has been so powerful and so injurious to all public interests.

I am not unmindful of the accusations brought against railway corporations by the advocates of such oppressive restrictions as I have in part described. One of these, which has become stereotyped, alleges that extensive watering of capital stock and reckless financial management have characterized railway development in this country. This is partly truth and partly exaggeration. There have been some instances of stock-watering in the sense of creating stock for a value which did not exist, and there are many instances where stock has been sold at a low price either by fraudulent practice or by financial stress. Increase of stock has also been made by stock dividends to represent expenditures for betterments, and, again, stock has been issued by construction companies to swell the profit of the contractors. But, taking all these issues, the number represented in an aggregate sum will, in my opinion, be much less than people are led to believe by the loose talk of would-be railway reformers. A definite statement of such hydropathic treatment would be much more satisfactory than the vague generalities which imply a much greater participation on the part of the railway companies than is warranted by the facts. It may be useful to review briefly some of the glaring instances of the over-issue of capital stock which can justify the charge of "watering."

A little over forty years since, the New York & New Haven Railroad Company was the victim of an extensive fraud by an over-issue of stock, and the Vermont Central Company suffered by a small one. In both cases the over-issue was redeemed. The Vermont Central sold stock as low as $30 per share, but this was openly done. These transactions are all I can recall of stock-watering in New England.

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In New York, the New York Central Railroad, under Commodore Vanderbilt, declared a stock dividend to represent the expenditures for betterments made during a number of years. This is also called "stock-watering," but it is the practice of English railway companies to capitalize such expenditures every year. Commodore Vanderbilt claimed that the amount of this dividend had been taken from the earnings, and, to the amount of the issue, had added to the value of the property. In other words, he adopted the English method, and capitalized money expended for improvements. The New York & Erie Railroad Company, by the sale of convertible bonds at low prices, introduced quite a volume of water into its capital stock, and it is possible that the West Shore Railroad Company added nominally to its capital,—without profit, however, to the projectors.

In the West, a number of instances can be given also, including roads built by construction companies; but making a rough estimate of the entire amount involved in the watering process, whether by fraud, speculation, construction or stock dividends, I doubt if any statistician can prove a dilution which would aggregate $500,000,000, or but a little more than one twenty-third part of the total cost of the 178,000 miles of railways in the United States. How insignificant these figures appear as a basis for the sweeping charge which is intended to prove adequate returns in revenue on a fair cash valuation of the property!

I believe my estimate will bear critical examination; but, suppose we admit a much larger amount of watering than can be proved, what is to be said of the vast sums which have been wiped out of existence by bankruptcy and foreclosure? I venture to assert that at least double the amount of capital has been extinguished in this way, to that which has been created by fictitious capital. Moreover, it is an indisputable fact that hundreds of millions of dollars have been expended in improvements which have been paid for from earnings and are not represented in the aggregate cost of our railway system. The New York & New Haven, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie, and the Lake Shore companies have expended immense sums in this way, but a small part of which has been capitalized. Most of these betterments have been at the cost of the stockholders.

A fair examination of the subject leaves no foundation for an argument which is always introduced to prove that railway companies are trying to earn upon an exaggerated cost, and therefore deserve no sympathy. An average cost of about $62,000 per mile is thus made to

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appear excessive by people who see nothing surprising in the fact that English railways cost an average of $225,000 per mile. The truth is, that railways in this country are opened for traffic as soon as trains can be safely moved over the track, and with this temporary construction they have undertaken transportation to meet the rapidly growing wants of the country. In a few years such structures must give way to more substantial work. In this way,—in the substitution of iron for wooden bridges, and of stone for wooden culverts; in the laying of heavier rails; in making additions to the motive power and rolling-stock; in the building of more commodious and substantial stations; and in numberless, but desirable improvements,—a constant demand is kept up by railway operations, increasing in the ratio of traffic development. A very large proportion of these expenditures, until within a few years, has been paid out of earnings and charged to operating expenses. To the extent thus charged, railway lines in this country, valued at about $11,500,000,000, and represented by that sum in bonds and stock, are understated as to actual cost of construction. Had the English method of capitalization been adopted, it is not unreasonable to assume that a cost of at least $80,000 per mile would have been reached. Therefore, without doubting the sincerity of many intelligent men who lay so much stress upon the fictitious valuation of our railways, I am confident that they have been led astray as to the actual cash cost of railway construction.

At this point the productiveness of railway traffic on the amount invested, as represented by the funded debt and capital stock of the 178,000 miles constructed and in operation, should be considered. According to "Poor's Manual," the items are as follows:

Funded Debt	$5,665,734,000
Capital Stock	5,075,629,000

On this aggregate sum of $10,741,363,000 the railways divided in 1894 the sum of $322,899,000, or an average of about 3 per cent. Of this sum the funded debt having a fixed rate of interest received the sum of $237,620,000, or 4 per cent; and the capital stock, $85,299,000, or a little more than 1½ per cent. The year 1894 was one of exceptional dullness in railway traffic, but the results were not much better in the three or four years preceding, the railways having by forced economies reduced the operating expenses and expended less for maintenance and repair.

Is it possible that any man of intelligence will consider 3 per cent

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a reasonable return on the capital invested in railway property? But more than half the amount, in bonds bearing interest, received 4 per cent, while more than $5,000,000,000 received but a fraction more than 1½ per cent.

A further analysis of the statement will prove that a very large amount of both bonds and stock received no interest or dividend whatever; but, turn the figures as we may, it will be difficult to make the statement any more favorable to railway property. Before this pitiful return on railway stock, what signifies the idle talk about watered stock? Supposing even one-half to be water, the dividends would have been but 3 per cent.

In this proof of inadequate return the impartial student will find several questions of primary importance involved. The public interests require constant improvement in railway accommodations and in the facilities of transportation. New devices to render passenger travel more secure from accident; better arrangements for the comfort as well as the safety of travellers; double tracks, block signals, improved switches; and progressive movements in the direction of more perfect service, too numerous to give in detail,—are constantly presented. All these improvements are costly, but should be adopted as speedily as possible; but how can such expenditures be made from such limited profits?

To add to the perplexities of the railway problem we have the possibility of labor disturbances, illustrated in the strikes during the summer of 1894. Here, as in fact in all the troubles which railways encounter, the public interest is at stake. To interrupt transportation is to impede commerce, and to subject all classes to great loss and sometimes to great suffering; and all good citizens will unite in crushing such attempts to interfere with the flow of the vital currents upon which our prosperity as a nation depends.

It has not been the intention of the writer to present the railway troubles of the time as a grievance for which any class can be held responsible. In fact, it is frankly admitted that railway companies themselves are largely the promoters, if not the projectors, of the difficulty; but, as the situation admits of no permanent relief except through agreements between the competing lines which can be enforced by law, it is strenuously urged in this paper that public interests require the prompt adoption of the proposed amendment to the Interstate Commerce Law, which passed the House of Representatives last winter. It is exasperating to think that a measure which would certainly have

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passed the Senate by a large majority should have been defeated by discreditable tactics and unnecessary delays. The only objection to this amendment is too frivolous to require lengthy consideration; but let us give all sides a hearing. It is urged that a division of gross earnings, or "pooling," as it is called, would stop competition and raise rates. This the railway interest denies, so far as rates are in question. The only object of legalized pooling is to maintain existing rates,—thus preventing unreasonable discrimination,—not to advance them. Rate-cutting is the most offensive form of discrimination, and its practice is illustrated in the movement of large agricultural or manufactured products at rates which can of themselves hardly pay operating expenses. The only way the railways can do this is by utilizing cars moving in one direction with paying freight, which, without loading with grain or a similar class of freight, would perhaps return empty. In these heavy shipments at nominal rates, small shippers are obviously placed at a disadvantage. But if, in spite of the assurances of railway managers, it is insisted that the desired legislation would be opposed to public interests; if the supervision of the Commission is not a sufficient guarantee of good faith,—what great harm can result from a trial of the experiment for a single year? If the public good requires a return of the restriction, is it not in the power of Congress to restore it? It is difficult to find any substantial objection to the trial of an experiment which may be of great advantage to the people, in view of the legislative control which will minimize the alleged danger to insignificance.

The plea for liberal treatment of railway corporations is founded largely upon the assumption that the unproductiveness of such property is a positive injury to the material interests of the country, whether in its bearing upon the prosperity of numerous and extensive industries, and upon the army of workmen employed by them, or in its effect upon the construction of railway lines in the comparatively unsettled and undeveloped parts of the West. To this we can add the positive assertion that, in rendering these transportation agencies undesirable for the investment of capital, we shall not only drive foreign and domestic capital from an employment which stimulates the growth and expansion of the whole country, but we shall obstruct our own local progress. From any point of view within the scope of the writer's vision, it is prejudicial to the interests of the people to support a policy which discourages enterprise essential to our national development. The Populistic idea seems to be that railway corporations are gigantic monopolies organized

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to prey upon the substance of the people, and that all measures of restraint are justifiable which will force cheaper service, even if such measures cripple or ruin the agency employed. This mean and narrow view is an insult to the intelligence of the people, and utterly opposed to the fundamental principles of republican government.

The Interstate Commerce Law, as originally introduced, would have been one of the most stupid and mischievous measures ever presented to Congress; but, fortunately, the practical good sense of the Committee to whom it was referred eliminated its most offensive parts. The law as it stands, however, is, in my opinion, a useless piece of legislation, full of impracticable provisions which never have been and never can be enforced. What, for example, can be more stupid or more unjust than to prescribe rules for land transportation while inland navigation is left free? What can be more unjust or more unwise than to propose regulations which, if carried out, would neutralize the geographical advantages possessed by seaboard or inland cities? It would be out of place to discuss this part of our subject at length, nor is it necessary, inasmuch as experience has exposed the weak points of the law. Railway men do not object to a supervision on the part of the Government, and I think I can add that such a supervision meets with their approval generally; but the main object of a Commission of this character should be to protect the people from extortion, and to compel safe and efficient service. Beyond these important safeguards, interference is not only unnecessary, but contrary to public interest.

Writers upon the inexhaustible subject considered in this paper are doubtless more or less influenced in their views by personal interests; but I think recent experience has demonstrated that the whole country has suffered from the adverse conditions visible in railway transportation, and I am confident that the time is not far distant when our citizens will recognize the truth of the proposition that the transportation and commercial interests of the country are identical, and that, if one of these is disabled, the consequences will be speedily reflected in the embarrassment of the other.

O. D. Ashley.

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THE NAVY AS A CAREER.

THERE are two principal aspects under which a career may be regarded: (1) its inherent advantages, or disadvantages, to the person who undertakes it; and (2) the value set upon it by the society of which he is a member,—for the general recognition of its usefulness and dignity will always form a part of its recommendations. The former consideration being the one that usually determines the individual choice, it will be first discussed.

Granting adequate personal fitness, greater or less, for the naval career, and continued liking for it, the circumstance that specially characterizes it as contrasted with private callings, and most markedly distinguishes it from them, is, that advance from grade to grade—promotion—depends wholly upon seniority; is unaffected, that is, by the comparative merits of the several persons who otherwise, being all more or less fit, might be called from a lower position to fill a vacancy. Like most other modes of procedure that have the sanction of long custom, this has both good and bad sides—advantages and drawbacks; and this fact has led to a good deal of discussion, in and out of the navy, as to whether or not it is better to alter the existing system in favor of one sanctioning greater freedom of choice in promoting. The question now before us, however, is not what is best for the navy,—and because for the navy, therefore for the country,—but the effect of a recognized rule (never departed from except for brilliant services in war) upon the fortunes of the individual, and therefore upon the prospects offered to him by the career.

I place this consideration first, because, although the navy as a life pursuit has decided attractions and decided drawbacks, which will be noted later, it in this respect resembles other callings; but in the particular feature mentioned it is different from all save the army, while even in the latter there is a limited choice allowed. It is, of course, true of great corporations, having many employees, that the rule of seniority—of length of service—plays a conspicuous part: a large majority of men depart but little from the average of merit, and among such both policy and justice dictate that faithful and continuous service

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should be recognized by advancement. But this does not prevent the corporation, either in theory or in practice, from selecting from among their own servants, or from outside, men most suitable for higher positions as they become vacant; and every employee knows that conspicuous ability means probable, if not certain, preferment. That such choice, when made, will be in a general sense fairly just, is guaranteed by the clear interest of the person choosing. He needs the best man he can get for his own interests,—either direct personal interests or those of the corporation with which his own are bound up. The same soundness of choice cannot be predicated of an officer of the Government; not because of a less firm purpose to choose righteously, but because immediate personal interest imparts a sensitiveness of appreciation, of judgment, which nothing else can equally do. Nor is it possible, antecedently, to judge from peace services what man will be most fit for such rapid advancement as will give high command in war. The conditions are very dissimilar; and at the same time the navy, while it performs many useful services at other times, finds its supreme function in war. It may be mentioned, in passing, that these considerations are felt in foreign navies, and the systems of selection there still prevalent are becoming continually more and more modified by the claims of length of service. Of course partiality makes itself felt in private corporations, as by kinship or by personal regard, which is not always discriminating; but as a rule the imperious claims of immediate interest will ensure the choice of the best man for exceptional advancement.

Now this unvarying promotion by seniority works in two ways for the individual,—favorably and unfavorably. In the first place it gives security, permits quietness of mind—an immense boon in an overanxious age; but on the other hand, by withholding the hope of material results from special activity, it removes in part the stimulus of emulation, as well as the inspiriting hope of preferment. Emulation has its bad side as well as its good; but as a factor in progress, as an inducement to go ahead, it is a very potent force, and the loss of it is something to be very seriously considered by one deciding upon a career. This reflection is perhaps too philosophical for boys of the age at which the naval profession is begun; but it is not so for parents or guardians, when the decision rests with them.

On the other hand, the loss of the factor of emulation is largely compensated for by the particular development of the sentiment of duty. Duty is the atmosphere in which a naval officer is brought up, from his entry into the service until his exit by death. Some, doubt-

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less, may be neglectful; but the exceptions are rare, and in the great mass the feeling is strengthened, and receives continual support, from its being not simply their own individually, but that of all around them. I question whether in a given number of men the aggregate results from the sense of duty will equal those to be obtained from emulation—self-interest. Except in rare cases the impulse is too calm, too unimpassioned; but the effect upon the character, and consequently upon that happiness in which, to the individual, the true success of a career consists, is, I believe, distinctly more favorable. It may be noted, too, that the absence of competition and of rivalry takes away many of those sources of disappointment and anxiety which embitter life and destroy peace of mind.

There is another considerable compensation for the loss of the opportunity to obtain advancement by diligent effort, which is to be found in the many-sided activity of the naval profession of the present day. The progress of science has introduced, and is continually introducing, so many changes in the development of naval material and naval methods, that openings for novel mental occupation present themselves in many directions and for many types of mind. Each change, it may be said, raises new problems; and, apart from the material and scientific aspect of the matter, the recent general impetus in all countries toward the study of the art of war at sea has aroused naval officers to the investigation of some of the noblest and most engrossing problems with which man has ever dealt,—a field in which human attainment, intellectual and moral, has in the far past been carried to the highest pitch it has ever known.

These various subjects, correlatives of the naval profession as commonly understood, yield a twofold advantage that cannot be too highly valued. In the first place they give interest,—that salt of life; for, after all, what can life in any career give to one who has lost interest? or to one whose life is wrecked, while interest remains? Like all sound interests they take possession of the man, carry him out of himself, lead him forward and upward. They do not indeed remove from sight the material side of life, its necessities, desires, gratifications; but they do much to compensate, albeit, perhaps, unconsciously, for the undeniable discouragement attendant upon hope so long deferred that it ceases to be hope. And, in the second place, a certain amount of advantage which may be considered material results to men who have made their mark in these related pursuits. Their acquirements ensure them employment congenial to their taste, and often under condi-

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tions more than usually favorable to contentment and happiness in life. The advantages thus accruing are, it must be noted, very largely independent of rank and age. They are in fact personal to the man, results of his diligence and acquirements, and so of the nature of reward. Though not permanent, as promotion in the strict sense of the word would be, they are often recurrent, and in the aggregate they fill pleasantly and with modest profit a not inconsiderable portion of the career.

There is a way in which the slowness of advancement affects the career of the navy, as touching the individual, that is not lost sight of, but which I think is perhaps inadequately weighed. Somewhat humdrum and monotonous in daily routine and through long years, it is liable to sudden sharp calls of emergency, so extreme in comparison with the even tenor as to resemble convulsions of nature. From the genius and necessary constitution of military bodies, the strain in these cases falls upon one man—the one in command; and to him it may mean fortune or ruin, according as he prove equal or inferior to the demand made on him. The power to endure in such cases—not only to bear responsibility, as it is commonly styled, but to do all that is needful—is partly a natural gift; but it also depends, in the average man—and it is the average man that we must consider—upon previous training and habit. Now, while admitting that previous reflection and thought—previous mental preparation—will do very much to qualify a man for such a call, it is undeniable that the habit of bearing responsibility—of doing things of like character to that for which an extreme call has arisen—does much more. It is the misfortune of the system of advancement by seniority that, while it preserves a man from the injustice of having one unworthy put over his head, it does delay for him the opportunity of improving by practice the particular faculties needed to cope with emergency. In so far as this affects the navy itself, it is outside the present discussion; it has, however, drawn the serious attention of the Navy Department. As regards the individual there remains the very serious question whether it is wise to embark in a career which, after maintaining him for many years in a quiet life,—not without care, but without serious anxiety,—suddenly makes upon him a tremendous call for which its conditions during his formative years have scarcely allowed adequate preparation. It is to my mind one of the most serious drawbacks: for failure under the conditions is failure total, irrevocable, and possibly tremendous; and even success, to one so uninured to strain, may be bought at a price over-dear to pay. To a certain extent this

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liability is inseparable from both the military professions,—and military and naval history give instances enough of men who after long years of respectable service in average conditions have signally failed in responsible command; but promotion by seniority alone entails upon the individual the most extreme form of the risk indicated.

To the naval career as followed in the United States there are two active sides,—the service on board ship at sea, and that known technically as shore duty. Besides the actual handling and fighting of ships and fleets, which is the ultimate aim toward which all naval activities are directed, there are a number of antecedent requirements connected with the building, equipping, and manning of ships,—administrative duties, reaching in many directions and covering a wide field,—which are also essential, and subsidiary only in the sense that root and trunk are essential to fruit. Except for the fruit you do not want the tree; but without the tree you cannot have the fruit. In the United States Navy it has been the custom from long back to entrust these duties in almost all their details to naval officers. The system has the advantage of employing usefully to the Government and to the service, in excess of the actual requirements of the peace establishment afloat, a number of officers, the greater part of whom would be immediately available for the additional ships commissioned in time of war; while the remainder would afford the nucleus around which to gather and systematize whatever additional force might be required for these administrative functions under the pressure of war. The system promotes also a clear understanding, between the branches charged with the purely military and the partially civil duties of the naval administration, of their respective methods and difficulties; the same men passing from one to the other and keeping touch with both, not as mere onlookers, but as active participants. In these occupations on shore, opportunity is also given for study, observation, and a practical acquaintance with the details of preparation and growth through which passes the development of the vessel, the guns, the engines, and all the multitudinous apparatus that go to form the whole known in its finished state as a modern ship of war; and the knowledge thus obtained, though neither seamanship nor the military art in the exclusive sense of those terms, conduces to a more easy, intelligent, and therefore thorough care of the implements which seamanship and naval war have to handle. When the time of an officer is fairly proportioned between the two lines of duty, the interaction is beneficial both to himself and to the service.

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On shore duty the career of a naval officer presents in its external aspects no marked or necessary contrast to that of a civilian working and living on a modest salary. In the inner spirit with which the work is done, in the general tenor of the interior life, upon which so much of happiness depends, there will be of course the difference which early training, and the conditions before briefly indicated, will necessarily impart. Professional characteristics will surely show themselves. In sea service, on the contrary, the contrast of environment between the naval man and the civilian is sharp and emphatic,—one of kind, and not of degree only. It is true that the former exaggerated severance between the two—which elicited Dr. Johnson's remark that "a ship was a prison, with the additional drawback that you might be drowned"—no longer exists. Absences from home are shorter. Correspondence is much more regular and frequent, thanks to the network of mail routes with which steam has covered the sea. Actual passages from port to port are far more rapid, so that men are no longer thrown, as of old, for long months upon the narrow coterie of a mess-room for companionship and society. The mere bodily necessities of life—air, food, water, light—are purer, more varied, more abundant; and health, with the happiness dependent upon it, is in no way inferior to that of average shore life. Exposure to the elements there necessarily is, but rarely to an extent which injures: on the contrary, its tendency is rather to invigorate and harden the frame, except in the infrequent emergencies which compel a prolonged stay in a sickly region. Neither the body nor the mind need suffer from the life of a naval officer; but when the side of the emotions is touched there is a difference. The long breaks—two or three years—in the home life; the lack of habitude to home and its ways; husband and wife losing touch, and becoming independent of each other's support and sympathy; children for long periods and at the plastic age without experience of the father's character and influence: if a career means more than material professional success,—whether in money, reputation, or anything else than simple happiness,—these inevitable drawbacks and privations must be considered in the award.

There remains the consideration of the navy as a career relatively to its place in the social organization. The consideration accorded to a profession in any society depends, not upon its intrinsic merits or advantages, but upon the general aims and pursuits of that society, and upon the value to its interests that it recognizes in the profession in question. A combination of circumstances, which it is needless here to analyze,

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have contributed to fasten the attention of the citizens of the United States pretty exclusively upon the internal affairs of the country, and to attach to the making and having of money an importance paramount to that of all other factors in life. Undoubtedly many other human interests claim and receive a certain share of attention; but money, as the representative of power and the means to gratification, may without exaggeration be said to have no competitor so close as to be accurately called a rival. In the navy, money will not be found; and as, if it stands for anything, it stands for the representation of external interests, it fails there also to touch keenly the chords that respond to the sense of danger or advantage near at hand. As a matter of fact, the external interests which are now generally recognized as calling for the existence and maintenance of a navy concern but a very small proportion of our citizens,—those who either reside or have business interests in foreign lands where political conditions are unsettled, and justice at times hard to obtain. Whether a wider-embracing view of national interests will in the future be justified, and, if justified, will be reached by so large a number of our own people as to constitute anything like a national sentiment, is a question upon which it is impossible to speak with certainty. My own opinion is that within the probable lifetime of one now entering the service such a sentiment will have become general, owing to the course that external events are likely to take; not by the initiative of our own country, but by the action of other states. If this should come to pass, the navy will undoubtedly gain that width of sympathy and recognition which, by the dignity it confers, is of itself no slight advantage to be considered in the choice of a profession. In no event will there be money in it; but there may always be honor and quietness of mind and worthy occupation,—which are better guarantees of happiness.

A. T. Mahan.

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A REVIEW OF HUXLEY'S ESSAYS.

THE problems which lie behind our familiar experience of nature and of man are a perennial attraction to those who think; but the writer who handles them in simple words, and fills his treatise with the charm of literary sweetness, must be content to find more readers than students. Huxley's essays are eminently notable for the attractive handling of these deeper problems; and if those who read them to contradict and confute, or to believe and take for granted, are more numerous than those who read to weigh and consider, this is no more than he might have looked for. To many readers, and to many more who are not even readers, Huxley is a terrible and relentless radical, whose delight is in destruction; and those who, under this impression, dread him and the science in whose name he speaks, are only less numerous than those who hold him in honor for the same reason. Now nothing could be more unjust than this impression. The study of the essays shows that his most distinctive characteristic is not fanaticism, but caution; that he is so far from a radical that he has devoted a long life to the cultivation of his inborn conservatism; that, while asserting the claims of the new, he has never ceased to plead, in season and out of season, for the preservation of all that is best in the old.

If the object of any thinker in the nineteenth century is "the active scepticism whose whole aim is to conquer itself, and not that other sort which is born of flippancy and ignorance," that man is Huxley. Every one of the essays proves his right to affirm, with Descartes:

> "I did not imitate the sceptics who doubt only for doubting's sake, and pretend to be always undecided: on the contrary, my whole intention was to aim at a certainty, and to dig away the drift and the sand until I reached the rock or the clay beneath."

While every essay proves that this was Huxley's aim, I hope that the following quotations will help to make his position clear to those who question it:

> "The army of liberal thought is at present in very loose order: and many a spirited freethinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. I, for one, lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Butler of

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the 'Analogy,' who, if alive, would make short work of much of the current *a priori* infidelity." (III. v. 121. 1869.)

"Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of those philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if it were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God." (I. v. 245. 1874.)

"If the belief in God is essential to morality, physical science offers no obstacle thereto; if the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical science has no more to say against that doctrine than the most ordinary experience has, and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections deduced from merely physical data." (IX. III. 143. 1886.)

"Scientific Naturalism leads not to the denial of the existence of any Supernature; but simply to the denial of the validity of the evidence adduced in favor of this or that extant form of Supernaturalism." (V. I. 39. 1892.)

"The supposition that there is any inconsistency between the acceptance of the constancy of natural order and a belief in the efficacy of prayer, is the more unaccountable as it is obviously contradicted by analogies furnished by experience. Nobody can presume to say what the order of nature must be . . . . It is this weighty consideration which knocks the bottom out of all *a priori* objections either to ordinary 'miracles' or to the efficacy of prayer so far as the latter implies the miraculous intervention of a higher power." (V. IV. 133. 1887.)

So far is science from denying the possibility of miracles, that we (the men of science) "have any quantity of genuine miracles of our own." (V. II. 81.)

We venture to believe that Huxley's attitude regarding these questions will be a surprise to many who think they have read his works with diligence; and that others who already understand his position so far as these subjects are concerned will be much perplexed to find that he has "nothing to say" to any philosophy of evolution except that, in his judgment, all such attempts are "premature." (V. I. 41.) He continually calls himself an "Evolutionist," and he can hardly blame a reader who, failing to draw nice distinctions, regards him as one of the great pillars in the temple of the new philosophy. A good deal of confusion may be permitted to those who remember his lectures in New York on evolution; his various essays with the same title; and the statement in his Autobiography that the work of his life has involved him "in an endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution." It is easy for one who understands his true position to see that the essays lend no countenance to the opinion that he has ever been, or sought to be, either a pillar or a disciple of any system of philosophy, but that he has, on the contrary, never ceased to affirm his total ignorance of many of the questions with which philosophy seeks to deal. His "evolution" is not philosophy, but science. It deals with history, and not with logic; with the phenomenal world, and not with the question what may or may not lie behind it.

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During the last century natural science has become historical; the attributes of living things, which seemed to the older naturalists to be entire and independent in themselves, have proved to have a history which can be studied by the methods of science: they have been found to be steps in a long sequence of events as orderly and discoverable as those dealt with by astronomy or geology. The cultivation of natural science in this historical field, and the discovery of evidence that the present order of living nature is the sequence and outcome of older and simpler conditions of things, is not philosophy, but science. It involves no more belief in the teachings of any system of philosophy than does the knowledge that we are the children of our parents and the parents of our children, but it is what Huxley means by "evolution." (V. I. 44–54.) The New York lectures on Evolution, with the exception of the first, which treats of the natural history of opinions regarding the history of living things, deal with palæontology, and narrate facts which are to be found in the text-books on this subject; but natural science, as it is taught in the text-books on botany, zoology, and palæontology, is, most assuredly, no "Philosophy of Evolution."

One word in its time plays many parts, and the word "evolution" has had many meanings. To-day, in popular estimation, an "Evolutionist" is not a follower of Bonnet, nor one who is concerned with the binomial theorem or with the evolutions of fleets or armies: neither is he a cultivator of natural science. Whatever the word may have meant in the past, it has, in popular speech, come to mean a belief in that Philosophy of Evolution which, according to such evolutionists as Huxley, is premature. Since this is so, and since the changes in our vernacular are beyond individual control, would it not be well for those who stand where Huxley stands, and have "nothing to say" to any Philosophy of Evolution, to stop calling themselves Evolutionists and to be content with the good old name of "Naturalist"?

The essays which make up the nine volumes of the new edition treat of many subjects, and we must examine them in detail; but they are not a miscellany, for they are all strung on one thread. Through all of them runs one increasing purpose, which has grown with the author's growth and strengthened with his strength; the purpose to teach, like Descartes, that—

—"there is a path which leads to truth so surely that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man can always find this path and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This golden rule is: Give unqualified

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assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear that they cannot be doubted."

The essays are so far from a miscellany that they remind one of a fair landscape stretching from the rugged heights of controversy over meadows filled with the flowers of literature, and through fields and orchards loaded with the ripe fruits of science, all vitalized by a clear stream, sometimes welling up in great gushes of truth, sometimes wandering in silence under the verdure which it nourishes, but always there for all who wish to drink of it. All the essays either set forth the results which have been won or may be hoped for from the application of this golden rule, or else they teach our moral obligation to suspend judgment on questions to which we are unable to apply it, however great our desire for answers. In the long run their value will depend on the success which attends this purpose,—the purpose to which their author tells us he had subordinated whatever hope he may have had of scientific fame; but they have other claims to consideration. All are good reading; in all we continually come across profound truth put into words so apt and pithy that we store them away in our minds as permanent additions to our stock of wisdom:

"I have never been able to form the slightest conception of those 'forces' which the Materialists talk about as if they had samples of them in bottles." (IX. III. 13.)

"Fact I know, and Law I know: but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing? . . . There are impossibilities logical, but none natural." (V. VI. 197.)

"To quarrel with the uncertainties which beset us in intellectual affairs would be about as reasonable as to object to live one's life with due care for the morrow, because no man can be sure he will be alive an hour hence." (V. VI. 206.)

"Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools, and the beacons of wise men." (I. V. 244.)

"The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms." (I. IV. 93.)

Among the essays a few are so notable, so simple and interesting, so full of knowledge, and so "safe" or free from controversial issues, that they must delight all readers. Before long we should have in a handy volume those on "The Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge," "The Progress of Science," and one or two other selections. To compare these with the essays on "Lord Clive" and "Warren Hastings" hardly does them justice, for they not only give us the finished work of a master, but with this the best fruit of the meditations of a philosopher. It is certainly not the least of Huxley's claims to our gratitude that he has thus enriched our literature.

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Three volumes (II., VII., and VIII.) are almost entirely devoted to reviews, for general readers, of the chief results of progress and discovery in the province of biology. Even at the present day, thirty years and more after they were written, I know nothing in English, to which to refer the unscientific reader for a summary of the broad outlines of zoology, morphology, and embryology, better than the "Six Lectures to Working Men on our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature" (II. XI. 1863); nothing better on the principles and results of research in palæontology than the "Lectures on Evolution" (IV. III. 1876); and, most assuredly, nothing better in anthropology than "Man's Place in Nature" (VII. I. 1863). Many students have told me that they owe the awakening of their interest in science to one or the other of these three essays, which have had great value as stimuli, and even greater value as general reading. It is true that, however novel their substance may have been when they were delivered, it is now familiar to all educated persons; but I cannot agree with Huxley that "my young contemporaries might employ their time better than in perusing" these old essays. My own feeling is that the loss from my library of whole shelves of text-books would concern me less than to miss "Man's Place in Nature" from its accustomed corner.

All thoughtful students will prize the essays and addresses on Education which make up the third volume of the "Collected Essays." When written, these were regarded by most readers as special pleas for scientific education; but nothing could be farther from the truth, although the prominence of "science" in their titles gives some ground for this impression. Those who read them now, after scientific education has become an assured fact, will find that Huxley shows here, as elsewhere, that he is no radical seeking to sweep away the ancient landmarks, but an enthusiastic admirer of all that is best in the old, as well as a zealous advocate for the new in education. While he improves every opportunity to set forth the need for scientific education, he tells the student that he is a man and a citizen as well as a student; and the delights and the discipline of literature and art and history are emphasized again and again; and each essay is a plea for liberal culture, although he never fails to demand the removal of the accumulated ashes, and the rekindling of the pure flame, until the very air the student breathes shall become "charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning; a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge."

No one—Huxley least of all—would dream of attributing the

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"New Reformation" to any one man, and he speaks of himself as "a full private who has seen a good deal of service in the ranks" of the army ranged around the banner of physical science; but the object to which he tells us he has devoted his life—the diffusion among men of the scientific spirit of "organized" "common sense"—has made notable progress during his lifetime, and in this assurance he tells us at its end that he "shall be content to be remembered, or even not remembered," as one among the many who have brought it about.

The controversial articles, which have done more to spread Huxley's fame than all his other works, fill several volumes of the series, although he himself expresses grave doubt of the advisability of reprinting them. No man of science who pursues in good repute studies which were recently under suspicion can be unmindful of his great debt to Huxley; but he who runs may now read the signs that the laboratory and the text-book will soon be able to hold peaceful possession of fields which have been won by science militant.

> "Even parish clerks doubt the utility of prayers for rain so long as the wind is in the east; and an outbreak of pestilence sends men, not to the churches, but to the drains. In spite of prayers for the success of our arms, and *Te Deums* for victory, our real faith is in big battalions and keeping our powder dry."

This being the case, we are disposed to think that the controversial essays, "however appropriate at the time of their utterance, would find a still more appropriate place in oblivion." Those whose interest is in Huxley's personality must read them to learn what manner of man he was. If he had confined himself to research, his audience would have been smaller, for men love a fight. It is possible, as he suggests, that some who came to see hard knocks remained to think, and we who enjoy the freedom for which he fought so bravely must remember his gallant fearlessness with gratitude; but "few literary dishes are less appetizing than cold controversy," and the original editions of these controversial essays seem adequate to the legitimate demand.

We now come to the essays which are of most value to students: those which deal with the development rather than the application of the "method of using one's reason rightly" in the search for truth. Among them are the whole of Vol. VI., "Hume; with Helps to the Study of Berkeley"; as well as the one "On Descartes' Discourse Touching the Method of Using our Reason Rightly; and of Seeking Scientific Truth" (I. IV.), and many others, such as "Possibilities and Impossibilities" (V. VI. 1891), and "Scientific and Pseudo-Scientific

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Realism" (V. II. 1887). The opening paragraph of the book on Hume's Philosophy (VI. 57) may be taken as a statement of the purpose of all these essays:

> "Kant has said that the business of philosophy is to answer three questions: What can I know?—What ought I to do?—and, For what may I hope? But it is pretty plain that these three resolve themselves in the long run into the first. For rational expectation and moral action are alike based upon belief; and a belief is void of justification unless its subject-matter lies within the boundaries of possible knowledge, and unless its evidence satisfies the conditions which experience imposes as the guarantee of credibility. . . . Fundamentally, then, philosophy is the answer to the question, What can I know?"

Huxley is not drawn into this province by the fierce joy of controversy, nor by any desire to join those who flit forever over the dusky meadows, green with asphodel, in vain search for reality. His motive is the most practical and serious one we know,—"to learn what is true in order to do what is right." This, he tells us, "is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are not able to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority." The conclusion of the whole matter is that "there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it." This is the melody which runs through all the nine volumes; now loud and clear, now hidden by the minor interest of a scientific topic, or by the heat of controversy, or by the charm of literary genius; but always present, and easy—for one who listens—to detect. It is because scientific education helps us to acquire the method of using our reason rightly in the search for truth, and not because science is the one thing worth knowing, that he pleads for it so eloquently. It is because the improvement of natural knowledge is conclusive testimony to the value of this method that he devoted his life to the popularization of science. It is because his right to use this method—the right which is also the highest and first of duties—was disputed, that he entered the stormy waters of controversy.

> "If I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view, . . . they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods to all the problems of life, to the best of my ability, in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe with which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off."

To what nobler end could life be devoted than the attempt to show us how we may "learn to distinguish truth from falsehood, in order to be

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clear about our actions and to walk surefootedly in this life?" If he has succeeded (and every zoologist who is free to follow Nature wherever she lead is a witness that he has succeeded); if, as the end of his life-long labor, intellectual freedom is established on a firmer basis,—this is his best monument, even if the man should quickly be forgotten in the accomplishment of his end. No memorial could be more appropriate than the speedy establishment of that intellectual liberty which is not intellectual license on a basis so firm that the history of the struggle to obtain it shall become a forgotten antiquity.

Since I began this account of the new edition of Huxley's essays, word has been brought, through the daily papers, that his work is ended. As I review them with this in mind I find it hard to refrain from wondering which of them will do most to keep him in remembrance; but this is not the end for which he labored, and the speculation is unworthy of the example of the man who walked his path in life with no thought to any footprints on the sands of time. Whether his earnest faithfulness over a few things do or do not make him ruler over many things, his life needs no completion and no monument.

> "No need hath such to live as ye name life.
> That which began in him when he began
> Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
> Of what did make him Man."

Huxley's life-long devotion to the task of teaching the right method of using our reason in the search for truth has been so fruitful that the success or failure of his attempts to teach the application of this method to specific problems is a matter of very subordinate importance.

As he was not only a man and a citizen, but, above all, a naturalist, peculiar interest attaches to his utterances on the problems of biology, although his various essays on this subject differ so much in perspective that their effect upon many thoughtful readers has proved to be practically equivalent to inconsistency. It is easy to show that in this case, as in others, the responsibility rests with the reader and not with the author; but, however this may be, the opinion that his utterances are inconsistent is real, and therefore a proper subject for examination.

Huxley's frame of mind in 1854 is embodied in the essay "On the Educational Value of the Natural History Sciences" (III. II.), from which I copy the following passage (p. 43):

> "What is the cause of this wonderful difference between the dead particles and the living particles of matter appearing in other respects identical?—that dif-

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ference to which we give the name of Life? I, for one, cannot tell you. It may be that, by and by, philosophers will discover some higher laws of which the facts of life are particular cases,—very possibly they will find out some bond between physico-chemical phenomena on the one hand and vital phenomena on the other. At present, however, we assuredly know of none; and I think we shall exercise a wise humility in confessing that for us, at least, . . . this spontaneity of action . . . which constitutes so vast and plain a distinction between living bodies and those which do not live is an ultimate fact: indicating, as such, the existence of a broad line of demarcation between the subject-matter of biological and that of all other sciences."

Between 1854 and the publication of the essay "On the Physical Basis of Life," in 1868, natural science advanced with strides which have no parallel, and the "Origin of Species" brought about a revolution in our conception of the history of living nature. It is not surprising that Huxley's point of view also undergoes significant change, and that a new aspect of nature now excites his interest and absorbs his attention. The establishment of the doctrine of the continuity of life on a firm basis, and the acceptance of the generalization that all living things are related by birth, had given new meaning to the familiar truth that they are all fundamentally identical in structure; and the essay of 1868 deals with this aspect of living organism. The essay is regarded by many readers—both those who look upon it with horror, and those who make it the basis of a biological creed—as contradictory to the essay of 1854, but I, for one, am unable to find in it any basis for this opinion. Its motive—the truth that "protoplasm is the formal basis of life"; that "it is the clay of the potter, which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice and not by nature from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod"—is no novelty. In fact the essay is nothing more than a statement in modern terms of the new evidence which modern science furnishes in confirmation of the familiar conviction that, so far as his physical basis is concerned, man hath no preëminence above the beasts; that they all have one breath; that all flesh is grass; that it is the rain on the earth which causes the bud of the tender herb to spring forth; that as for the earth, it giveth us bread; that the vital spark is soon quenched unless it is kept alive by fuel from without; that the living machine must soon break down and wear out, and that then shall return the dust to the earth as it was. Huxley says: "Past experience leads me to be tolerably certain that when the propositions I have just placed before you are accessible to public comment and criticism, they will be condemned by many zealous persons, and perhaps by some few of the wise and thoughtful."

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Those who remember the reception of the essay are aware that this expectation was not disappointed; but it is hard to understand why, for its substance, if not its modern language, has been the common property of some of the wise and thoughtful for ages.

I do not see why any one should challenge Huxley's statement that "it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to protoplasm or the physical basis of life the same conceptions which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm its properties." We may have practical objections, based on expediency and not on logic, to the further statement that "we live in the hope and in the faith that by the advance of molecular physics we shall by and by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the way they are put together." Faith and hope are good things no doubt, and "expectation is permissible when belief is not" (VIII. VIII. 1870); but experience teaches that the expectation or faith of the master is very apt to become belief in the mind of the student, and "science warns us that the assertion which outstrips evidence is not only a blunder, but a crime." (III. IV. 150. 1880.) In order to avoid all danger of adding to the criminal classes it is perhaps as well for those who are teachers to keep their faith outside the laboratory as much as possible.

With this qualification I have nothing but approval for the passage quoted, as well as for the rest of the essay. Like Huxley I hold that we are logically bound to apply to protoplasm the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. Without believing, I certainly see no reason for doubting, that all the properties of organisms may possibly be some day deduced from the nature and disposition of their constituent molecules. If I should live to see this proved, I should believe it without remodelling any beliefs I now hold, for most assuredly I do not believe that these activities are the result of anything else than physical structure. I simply do not know, and have no belief whatever on the subject, although I welcome every addition to our knowledge of the properties of the physical basis of life, in the conviction that this knowledge is a necessary condition for progress. I must also insist, however, that nothing seems more obvious to me than that we might study the form of the parts of a watch, and the way they are put together, till the crack of doom, without understanding it in any sense worthy of the name. To understand it we

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must study not only its mechanism and the movements to be deduced from it, but the movements of the earth as well: and then we must study a third thing,—that relation between the two which fits a watch for man's service. I hold that, in this sense of the word, we can "understand" watches, and that good common sense forces us to admit not only that the fitness of a watch is real, but that it is the only basis for a rational interest in watches. Analogies are dangerous weapons, because of our fondness for pushing them farther than the facts warrant, and for assuming that resemblance in one feature involves resemblance in other features. The fact that living things are like watches in their fitness, in their adjustment to the phenomena of the external world, at once suggests many interesting questions with which I have no intention of dealing. This particular resemblance is obvious, and I hold that, whatever may be possible to the zoologist of future ages, the only method of studying this fitness which is available at the present day is like that which we apply to watches. Huxley says:

"If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules."

I know no reason why any one should "refuse to say" this, except that "the assertion which outstrips evidence is a crime." When it has been proved, I, for one, shall say it cheerfully: but I cannot forget that we have been taught for two thousand years and more that life is not a property of the physical basis like the properties of water, but a relation, an adjustment between the properties of the organism and those of the environment, between internal relations and external relations: that this adjustment serves to promote the welfare of the species, and that we know nothing comparable to it in water or in anything else except living beings and their products—such as watches, and spiders' webs and birds' nests.

The author of our oldest work on zoology opens it with the following statement of its purpose:

"To say what are the ultimate substances out of which an animal is formed . . . is no more sufficient than would be a similar account in the case of a couch. For we should not be content with saying that the couch was made of bronze or wood, or whatever it might be, but should try to describe its design or mode of composition in preference to the material. . . . It is plain that the teaching of the old physiologists is inadequate, and that the true method is to state what the definitive characters are that distinguish the animal as a

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whole, . . . in fact, to proceed in exactly the same way as we should do were we giving a complete description of a couch" (or a meat jack). (Aristotle, "Parts of Animals," I. 1.)

If this is true: if life is not a property like those of water, but an adjustment between properties, it must be clear that no amount of knowledge of any properties of the physical basis except the property of fitness can ever give us a science of life, although it must be equally clear that knowledge of all its properties is a necessary condition for progress. My comment on the essay "On the Physical Basis of Life" is that, while I fully agree with it, I hold with Aristotle that it is "inadequate," although I am quite prepared to admit the possibility that this inadequacy may be due to our own limitations, and not to the nature of the subject. While I find nothing in the essay which need give any one a moment's "nightmare," I am equally unable to find in it any warrant except "faith" for the dogma that biology—the science of life—now is, or is at all likely soon to be, the study of the physical and chemical properties, or any other property except fitness, of the physical basis.

The partial failure of training in biological laboratories to make naturalists of the students, or to excite in them that interest in the homes of living things which has so often proved a greater delight than art or literature; its failure to stimulate the investigation of those relations between animals and plants and the world around them which constitute life,—has begun to attract attention and to excite comment. Among the many reasons assigned for this failure, "microtomes" have occupied a prominent place and have been held to be the seat of the mischief, although no one can treat seriously the assertion that we can have too many or too refined means for research into structure. From long acquaintance with many students and from much discussion with them I have satisfied myself that the belief that our biology (the biology of the present day, and not that of the unknown future) ends with the study of the structure and functions of the physical basis—the belief that biology is "nothing but" the discovery of its physical and chemical properties—has much to do with it. My experience also tells me that the essay "On the Physical Basis of Life" is appealed to as a scientific warrant for this belief, although we have seen that it affirms nothing more than a "hope" for this consummation.

This ground was all worked over before Aristotle's day, and perhaps it may not be too much of a flight of the imagination to inquire what he might have thought of this essay. Do not his reflections in the

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"Parts of Animals" warrant the assertion that his comment would be something like this?—

"Your natural science interests me more than anything else in your modern world; and your century is distinguished beyond all others for progress in the history of life. I am delighted with this essay, and no other pleasure could compare with that which I should find in a course of study on the properties of living things with the aid of your appliances for research; but are you quite sure that the whole case is stated in the essay? While clay is the physical basis of the potter's art, its essence is fitness for the use of man: and what concerns us is not that he uses clay, but that he makes from it now a foundation-brick and now an ornamental coping; now a homely kitchen pot, and now a graceful urn. I have studied your wonderful chronometers until I am 'able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the way they are put together,' but I failed to understand it until I perceived that relation between its movements and those of the earth which constitutes its fitness for man's service. I tried, long ago, to show that something very similar is true of living things. We may some time be able to *foresee* or *deduce* all their actions from their structure, but at present, as in my own day, the only available way to *understand* them is to study their relations to the world around them.

"My teaching that the essence of a living being is not what it is made of, nor what it does, but why it does it, has been well rendered by one of your contemporaries into the statement that life is the continuous adjustment between internal and external relations. If this is true, is not the biology which restricts itself to the physical basis, and forgets the external world, like your play of 'Hamlet' without the Hamlet. Is not the biological laboratory which leaves out the ocean and the mountains and meadows a monstrous absurdity? Was not the greatest scientific generalization of your times reached independently by two men who were eminent in their familiarity with living things in their homes?

"You ask, 'What better philosophical status has vitality than aquosity?'—and I ask you in turn what better status has volition than vitality?—yet you find the employment of this word both useful and justifiable. You can separate water into its elements, and then, by recombining them, you can get water again; and this you may repeat as often as you choose: but can you, as yet, do anything of the sort with living things? When by the methods of the laboratory you have made a living being; when you have made not merely protoplasm,—nor even protoplasm capable of nutrition, growth, reproduction, and contraction,—but protoplasm able to maintain persistent adjustment to the shifting world around it,—then, and not till then, will I admit that my word 'vitality' (*ψυχή*) has reached the end of its long career of usefulness.

"I admitted long ago that it is as much a property of a bird to build a nest as it is a property of water to freeze; but our interest in the nest lies in its fitness for maintaining the species. I hear it said among you that science has nothing to do with the Why? but only with the How?; but we can surely give answers to the questions 'Why do men make and buy watches?'—'Why do birds pursue their prey?'—'Why do they flee their enemies?'—and 'Why do they make nests?'—answers which are good and sensible, although they are incomplete.

"The naturalists of your day are adding continually to the overwhelming evidence of a truth which was unsuspected in mine,—the mutability of species

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and the continuity of life. If I could now publish a new edition of the 'Parts of Animals,' I should treat with more consideration than they seemed to merit two thousand years ago the views of my contemporaries who held that extermination and survival have a good deal to do with fitness, but I should still contend that the study of fitness is the true aim of biology."

This comment on the current interpretation of the essay on "The Physical Basis of Life" seems to me to be good common sense, and therefore good science: and it also seems to me to be a legitimate application of the teachings of the "Parts of Animals."

Huxley makes many references to the problems of biology in later essays, but space will permit us to examine none except the last. In 1894 I find certain Prolegomena (IX. I. 1894) in which it is easy to read between the lines clear indications that, notwithstanding the period represented by the essay on "The Physical Basis of Life," Huxley ended as he began,—almost, if not altogether, in the old-fashioned conviction that living things do, in some way and to some degree, control or condition inorganic nature; that they hold their own by setting the mechanical properties of matter in opposition to each other, and that this is their most notable and distinctive characteristic. He says the flora of the region where he writes was in a "state of nature" until three or four years before, when the—

—"state of nature was brought to an end, so far as a small patch of soil is concerned, by the intervention of man. The patch was cut off from the rest by a wall. . . . In short, it was made into a garden. . . . It will be admitted that the garden is as much a work of art or artifice as anything that can be mentioned. The energy localized in certain human bodies, directed by similarly localized intellects, has produced a collocation of other material bodies which could not be brought about in a state of nature. The same proposition is true of all the works of man's hands, from a flint implement to a cathedral or a chronometer: and it is because it is true that we call these things artificial, term them works of art, or artifice, by way of distinguishing them from the products of the cosmic process, working outside man, which we call natural, or works of nature. The distinction thus drawn between the works of nature and those of man is universally recognized, and it is, as I conceive, both useful and justifiable."

I trust that the thoughtful reader will perceive that the legitimate pursuit of this line of reflection leads straight back to the Aristotelean statement, in the essay of 1854 (III. II. 40), that "to the student of life (as contrasted with the student of physics) the aspect of nature is reversed. Here incessant, and, so far as we know, spontaneous change is the rule: rest the exception—the anomaly to be accounted for. Living things have no inertia and tend to no equilibrium."

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Many biologists find their greatest triumph in the doctrine that the living body is a "mere machine": but a machine is a collocation of matter and energy working for an end, not a spinning toy; and when the living machine is compared to the products of human art, the legitimate deduction is that it is not merely a spinning eddy in a stream of dead matter and mechanical energy, but a little garden in the physical wilderness; that the energy localized in *living* bodies, directed by similarly localized *vitality*, has produced a collocation of other material bodies which could not be brought about in a state of *physical* nature, and that the distinction thus drawn between the works of *non-vital* nature and those of life is both useful and justifiable.

What this distinction may mean in ultimate analysis I know no more than Aristotle or Huxley; nor do I believe that any one ever will know until we find out. One thing we may be sure it does not mean,—that the living world is anything but natural: for all men of science must agree with Aristotle ("Parts of Animals," III. II. 16) that "in all our speculations therefore, concerning nature, what we have to consider is the general rule" (not forces, or causes, or necessary laws). "For that is natural *which holds good* either universally or generally."[1] If we are to understand this fitness which is so distinctive of living things, this must be brought about, not by keeping it locked out of sight as a chamber of horrors, but by bringing it into the bright light of day; by "intending the mind" upon it; by attacking it with Descartes' method of using one's reason rightly for the discovery of truth. Whether this method is or is not adequate, we shall know when we find out; but we have no other, and the discoveries of Wallace and of Darwin give a basis, not for a belief, but for a hope that it may some day prove adequate.

Times are changed since Huxley warned his hearers in 1868 that, in accepting protoplasm as the physical basis of life, he was "placing his foot on the first rung of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's and leads to the antipodes of heaven." Now "Scientific Rip Van Winkle" and "Aristotelean" are the mildest phrases applied to him who holds that life is more than a basis,—to him who doubts whether the essay states the whole or even the most essential part of the case; and he is lucky if he is not told that he is a "Spiritualist," "false to the spirit of Science," or at the very least that he is "illogical." In this case he can only say with Huxley (IX. 10.

[1] See also Huxley, VII. 154. "Nature means neither more nor less than that which is."

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1894) that "if it is urged that the . . . cosmic process cannot be in antagonism with that . . . which is part of itself, I can only reply that if the conclusion that the two are antagonistic is logically absurd, I am sorry for logic, because, as we have seen, the fact is so," or, as Aristotle expresses it, "it holds good."

My own interest in this distinction is entirely practical and not philosophical. Whatever philosophical basis it may have or may not have, it seems to me that no one can question its practical bearing on the study of biology at the present day and for many ages to come. If it is urged that our knowledge of the external world is destined to be resolved, in the long run, into our consciousness of changes in the physical basis of our minds, and that the "external world" to which plants and animals respond is also to be resolved into changes in their physical basis, I am quite willing to admit this possibility; but I hold it unwise to forget that the same daily experience which justifies our confidence in the orderly sequence of external nature also warrants the assumption that their external world is the same as ours. The question of its reality or unreality has no more to do with this purely practical confidence than has the presence or absence, in a dog or an oak-tree, of conscious belief in it.

Those who hold the faith that science will some day be able to demonstrate, in the structure of the brain, the origin of such actions as writing a review of Huxley's essays, are quite welcome to their faith; but I hold, as a purely practical matter, that they may find out in a much shorter way why I have written this article; and I also hold that this is likely to be the case for some considerable time. I also believe with Aristotle that the most practical way within our reach of studying that adjustment between the organism and the external world—that fitness—which constitutes life, is to learn all we can about the physical basis and all that we can about its fitness; and I hold fast to this purely practical belief without any faith in the unknown biology of the distant future, and most assuredly without any desire to discount it.

W. K. Brooks.

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PLUTOCRACY AND PATERNALISM.

To judge from the tone of the popular press, the country would seem to be between the devil of state interference and the deep sea of gold. The two epithets, "plutocracy" and "paternalism," so freely applied, are intended to characterize the worst tendencies of the times in these two opposite directions, and are calculated to engender the bitterest feelings in the public mind. If such a thing were possible, it would certainly be useful, standing aloof from the contest, to make a cool, unbiassed analysis of the true meaning of these terms in their relation to the existing state of affairs. While it may be admitted that this is impossible, such an approximation to it as the conditions will allow can certainly do no harm.

On all subjects that interest mankind there are extremes of thought, and these form a sort of penumbra outside the general consensus of opinion among right-minded people. While most persons consider the possession of wealth a rightful condition and a laudable aim of life, there are some who accept Proudhon's dictum, "*la propriété c'est le vol*," and nearly all shades of opinion between these may be found. The average man desires to see the business interests of society left free and open to equal competition, but there are those who would have the state conduct all industry and make all citizens salaried employees. Between these views there are also many intermediate ones. This condition has always existed very much as it is to-day. On the whole there seems to be little danger that any of the extremes of popular opinion will ever prevail, but at the same time there is always a moderate, often rhythmic, drift in some one direction, so that what were extremes are so no longer, and other unthought-of schemes occupy the van. It is this that constitutes social progress.

Justly or unjustly, society has made wealth a measure of worth. It is easy on general principles to prove that it is not such a measure. Every one is personally cognizant of numerous cases to the contrary. All will admit that, taken in the abstract, the principle is unsound, and yet all act upon it. Not rationally, not perhaps consciously, but still they do it. It is "human nature" to respect those who have, and to

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care little for those who have not. There is a sort of feeling that if one is destitute there must be a reason for it. It is inevitably ascribed to some personal deficit. In a word, absence of means is, in one form or another, made to stand for absence of merit. Its cause is looked for in character. This is most clearly seen in the marked contrast between the indisposition to help the unsuccessful, and the willingness to help the successful. Aside from the prospect of a *quid pro quo*, no one wants to waste time, energy, or money on what is worthless,—and possession is the primary test of worth.

It would be easy to work out the genesis of this sentiment, and to show how it is the natural result of the universal competition in society, where the fittest to survive is always the one who can gain possession of the greatest amount of this world's goods. It has therefore a rational basis, a substratum of truth on which to rest. We are chiefly concerned with it here as a fact. It is universal. Those who most thoroughly condemn it are influenced by it. The force that works against it in society is not the absence or weakness of the sentiment itself, but another and wholly dissimilar feeling, viz., sympathy. This sentiment is not rational, but illogical, as shown by the fact that men give alms to satisfy temporary want rather than opportunity to supply permanent needs. But of the other sentiment, which may be called "plutolatry," —the worship of wealth,—even the victims show traces, and in denouncing the rich they unconsciously attribute to them a personal dignity proportional to their wealth.

Thus it comes about that wealth, in the existing state of society, is a tremendous power. It gives not only ease, plenty, luxury, but, what is infinitely more, the respect of all and the envy of the less favored. It gives, in a word, superiority; and the strongest craving of man's nature is, in one way or another, to be set over his fellows. When all this is considered, the futility of the proposal of certain reformers to eradicate the passion for proprietary acquisition becomes apparent. It may be assumed that this passion will continue for an indefinite period to be the ruling element of the industrial state. That it has done and is still doing incalculable service to society few will deny. That it may continue to be useful to the end of our present industrial era will probably be admitted by all but a small class.

If the accumulation of wealth, even for the benefit of individuals, were all that is involved in the term "plutocracy," the indictment would not be serious. If the governing power implied in the last component of the word were nothing more than the normal influence that wealth

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exerts, no great injury to society could accrue. Even the amassing of colossal fortunes is not an evil in itself, since the very activity which it requires stimulates industry and benefits a large number. There is, it is true, a danger—in the transmission of such fortunes to inactive and non-productive heirs—of creating a non-industrial class in perpetuity; but this could be remedied, without hardship to any worthy person, by a wise limitation of inheritance.

So much for plutocracy. Let us now turn to the other pole of public opinion and inquire into the meaning of "paternalism." Literally, of course, paternalism in government would be restricted to cases in which the governing power is vested in a single person, who may be regarded as well-disposed and seeking to rule his subjects for their own good, as a father governs his children. But a ruling family, or even a large ruling class, may be supposed to govern from similar motives. In either case the governed are not supposed to have any voice in the matter, but are cared for like children by the assumed wisdom of their rulers. How far from true paternalism is anything that exists in this or any other civilized country to-day may therefore be readily seen. No one will claim that there is any danger, in a representative government with universal suffrage, of any such state being brought about. This shows at the outset that the term is not used in its original and correct sense, but is merely borrowed and applied as a stigma to certain tendencies in republican governments which the users of it do not approve. What are these tendencies? In general it may be said that they are tendencies toward the assumption by the state of functions that are now entrusted to private enterprise.

On the one hand it is logically argued that the indefinite extension of such powers would eventuate in the most extreme socialistic system, —the conduct of all business by the state. On the other hand it is shown with equal logic that the entire relinquishment of the functions which the state has already assumed would be the abolition of government itself. The extremists of one party would land us in socialism; those of the other, in anarchy. But on one side it is said by the more moderate that the true function of government is the protection of society; to which it is replied by the other that such extension of governmental powers is in the interest of protection, viz., protection against the undue rapacity of private enterprise. Here, as almost everywhere else in the realm of politics, it is a question of quantity and not of quality. It is not a difference in principle, but in policy.

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It is the degree to which the fundamental principle of all government is to be carried out.

If we look for precedents and historical examples we find great diversity. If we take the question of government telegraphy we find that the United States is almost the only country in the civilized world that has not adopted it, while the reports from other countries are practically unanimous in its favor. That such a movement should be called paternalism is therefore quite gratuitous, and must spring from either pecuniary interest or unenlightened prejudice. From this on, up to the question of abolishing the private ownership of land, there is a multitude of problems presenting all shades of difference in the degree to which the principle of state action is to be applied in their solution. They need to be fearlessly investigated, coolly considered, and wisely decided in the true interests of the public. It was not the purpose of this article to discuss any of these questions, but simply to mention them in illustration of the popular use of the term "paternalism." It is clear that that term is employed solely to excite prejudice against the extension of the functions of the state, just as the term "plutocracy" is used to arouse antagonism to the wealthy classes. The words have in these senses no natural meaning, and, with intelligent persons, should have no argumentative weight.

Are there, then, no dangerous or deleterious tendencies in modern society? There certainly are such, and they may be said to be in the direction of both plutocracy and paternalism, giving to these terms not a literal, but a real or scientific meaning, as denoting respectively the too great power of wealth, and the too great solicitude for and fostering of certain interests on the part of government.

The first law of economics is that every one may be depended upon at all times to seek his greatest gain. It is both natural and right that the individual should be ever seeking to acquire for himself and his; and this rather irrespective of the rest of the world. It was so in the olden time, when physical strength was almost the only force. It is so to-day, when business shrewdness is practically supreme. Government was instituted to protect the weak from the strong in this universal struggle to possess; or, what is the same thing, to protect society at large. Originally it was occupied solely with abuses caused by brute force. It is still, so far as this primary function of enforcing justice is concerned, practically limited to this class of abuses, relatively trifling as they are. Crime still means this, as it did in the days of King Arthur, and as it does to-day in barbaric countries. Any advantage gained

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by force is promptly met by the law; but advantage gained by cunning, by superior knowledge,—if it be only of the technicalities of the law,—is not a crime, though its spirit be as bad as that of highway robbery and its consequences a thousand times worse.

From this point of view, then, modern society is suffering from the very opposite of paternalism,—from under-government, from the failure of government to keep pace with the change which civilization has wrought in substituting intellectual for physical qualities as the workers of injustice. Government to-day is powerless to perform its primary and original function of protecting society. There was a time when brigandage stalked abroad throughout Europe and no one was safe in life or property. This was due to lack of adequate government. Man's nature has not changed, but brigandage has succumbed to the strong arm of the law. Human rapacity now works in subtler ways. Plutocracy is the modern brigandage and can be dislodged only by the same power,—the power of the state. All the evils of society are the result of the free flow of natural propensities. The purpose of government is, as far as may be, to prevent this from causing injustice. The physical passions of men are natural and healthy, but they cannot be allowed to go unbridled. Government was established, not to lessen or even to alter them. Exactly the same is needed to be done with the higher acquisitive faculty. It need not be condemned; it cannot be suppressed: but it can and should be directed into harmless ways and restricted to useful purposes. Properly viewed, too, this is to secure its maximum exercise and greatest freedom, for unrestrained license soon leads to conflict, chokes its own free operation, and puts an end to its activity. The true function of government is not to fetter but to liberate the forces of society, not to diminish but to increase their effectiveness. Unbridled competition destroys itself. The only competition that endures is that which goes on under judicious regulation.

If, then, the danger of plutocracy is so largely due to insufficient government, where is the tendency to paternalism in the sense of too much government? This opens up the last and most important aspect of the subject. If there were no influences at work in society but those of unaided nature; if we had a pure physiocracy or government of nature, such as prevails among wild animals, and the weak were thereby sacrificed that the strong might survive to beget the strong, and thus elevate the race along the lines of evolution,—however great the hardship, we might resign ourselves to it as part of the great cosmic scheme. But unfortunately this is not the case. Without stopping to

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show that, from the standpoint of a civilized society, the qualities which best fit men to gain advantage over their fellows are the ones least useful to society at large, it will be sufficient for the present purpose to point out that in the actual state of society it is not even those who, from this biological point of view, are the fittest, that become in fact the recipients of the greatest favors at the hands of society. This is due to the creation, by society itself, of artificial conditions that destroy the balance of forces and completely nullify all the beneficial effects that are secured by the operation of the natural law on the lower plane. Indeed, the effect is reversed, and instead of developing strength, either physical or mental, through activity incident to emulation, it tends to parasitic degeneracy through the pampered idleness of the favored classes.

What, in the last analysis, are these social conditions? They are at bottom integral parts of government. They are embodied in law. Largely they consist of statute law. Where this is wanting they rest on judicial decisions, often immemorial, and belonging to the *lex non scripta*. In a word, they constitute the great system of jurisprudence relating to property and business, gradually built up through the ages to make men secure in their possessions and safe in their business transactions, but which in our day, owing to entirely changed industrial conditions, has become the means of throwing unlimited opportunities in the way of some and of barring out the rest from all opportunities. This system of artificial props, bolsterings, and scaffoldings has grown so perfect as to make exertion needless for the protected class and hopeless for the neglected mass. In a word, it has become the bulwark of monopoly. Says Prof. John R. Commons in his "Distribution of Wealth":

> "The heads of industries are no longer the independent Napoleons of finance; they find their sphere as high-salaried managers and legal advisers, while the successors of the *entrepreneurs* proper, the original organizers and promoters of enterprises, are simply the commonplace, idle recipients of the permanent profits and the mildly fluctuating temporary profits. . . . Instead of the profits being due to the powerful exertions and abilities of the captains of industry, they are due to certain fixed social relations and rights. The recipients of these incomes may with perfect security become idlers and drones. They abdicate their functions as *entrepreneurs* into the hands of salaried chiefs and advisers. They are no longer performing the services of society which were performed by their ancestors or predecessors, who organized and developed the business to which they have succeeded."

And thus we have the remarkable fact, so persistently overlooked in all the discussions of current questions, that government, which fails

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to protect the weak, is devoting all its energies to protecting the strong. It legalizes and promotes trusts and combinations; subsidizes corporations, and then absolves them from their obligations; sustains stock-watering schemes and all forms of speculation; grants without compensation the most valuable franchises, often in perpetuity; and in innumerable ways creates, defends, and protects a vast array of purely parasitic enterprises, calculated directly to foster the worst forms of municipal corruption. The proofs of each one of these counts lie about us on every hand. Only those who are blinded by interest or prejudice can fail to see them.

There is no greater danger to civilization than the threatened absorption by a few individuals of all the natural resources of the earth, so that they can literally extort tribute from the rest of mankind. If half a dozen persons could get possession of all the breadstuffs of a country, it would justify a revolution. Fortunately, from the nature of this product, this is impossible, although long strides in that direction have from time to time been taken. But it is otherwise with some other products which, if less indispensable, are still among the modern necessaries of life. All the petroleum of this country is owned by a single trust. If men could not live without it there is no telling how high the price would be raised. Nothing limits it but the question of how much the public will pay rather than do without. That indispensable product, coal, has well-nigh reached the same stage through the several railroad combinations that now control it. That which costs sixty cents to mine, and as much more to transport, cannot be obtained by the consumer for less than five or six dollars. Does it speak well for the common sense of a great people that they should continue to submit to such things? There seems to be no remedy except in the power of the nation.

It is time, too, that the people began to look into the great question of transportation. If a thorough investigation should show that the hour is not yet come for the public management of the vast enterprises involved, it would at least show, as it has done in England, France, Germany, and nearly all the other countries of Europe, that they are in need of thorough and systematic regulation. Does any one, for example, suppose that there is any permanent advantage in the railroad rate-wars that are so frequently waged in this country? The low cut-rates are always of short duration, and the result is the ultimate combination of the interests involved, usually followed by higher rates than before. And why should several companies be allowed to build parallel lines

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between the same points, like the three between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, when one is abundantly sufficient to supply the traffic? Is it not clear that the public must pay this unnecessary expense? Would it be any infringement of human liberty for the state to forbid the construction of a railroad for the sole purpose of being sold to another that had no use for it except to get it out of its way? In France nothing of the kind is allowed, and the railroad system of that country is under strict and rational state regulation; yet no one complains of oppression.

One of the greatest needs of an industrious people is a safe and profitable investment of their surplus earnings. In the existing condition of things they are driven into the stock-market. In a few rare cases the stocks taken prove good. In still rarer cases—such as the first telephone shares—they become enormously productive. But in the great majority of cases they first fluctuate and finally fall below par, often to a mere nominal value. There seems to be nothing to prevent the directors of these concerns from manipulating the shares so as first to enrich themselves and then to leave the business a wreck. Witness the degeneracy of the great Thompson-Houston Electric Company, its absorption of other properties, its passage into the General Electric Company, the suspension of dividends, and the fall of the stock to thirty-five cents on a dollar. It may be said that those who choose to risk these losses should suffer for their folly. But there is nothing that is safe. Savings banks are even more precarious, for here failure results in total loss to the depositor. And there seems to be nothing to prevent the legal authorization of all kinds of investment schemes to tempt the public to entrust them with its money, until the organizers think they have all they want and can afford to "fail" and retire with it. If the state cannot really require a safe guaranty to investors, or prohibit such insecure organizations, it can at least offer, in the form of national savings banks, an opportunity for prudent people to make a safe disposition of their surplus funds; and this has been done in nearly every country except the United States.

One of the most crying evils of the times is the reckless manner in which the most important franchises are being given away. The following statement made by Mr. W. C. Dodge, President of the Associated Charities of the District of Columbia, in his annual address of December, 1891, has not, to my knowledge, been answered or denied. It is to be taken merely as a sample of what is going on throughout the country:

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"Here are seven street railroad companies, two gas companies, two telegraph companies, two telephone companies, and one electric-light company, not one of which gave a cent for their valuable franchises, and the whole amount of taxes paid by these fourteen corporations the past year is but $98,321.45,—a mere trifle as compared with the value of their franchises and the profits drawn by them from the public. Some have never paid in the full amount of their capital stock, and yet pay dividends and extend their works from their profits, while the stock of others is quoted on the market as from 100 to 400 per cent premium."

It is well known that in almost every country of Europe these franchises, based on "natural monopolies," are made to constitute one of the principal sources of revenue.

The "burning question" of our day is the reform of municipal government. The evils complained of all result from the same cause as the national evils already enumerated, which is at bottom the indifference of the citizen to what is being done by self-seeking individuals. Here, as everywhere, personal greed is laying the public under tribute. Individualism is supreme. Party politics are shrewdly brought in to obscure public interests, and behind this veil abuses go unperceived. The cities, as well as the nation at large, need to wake from the lethargy of *laissez faire*, and to take matters into their own hands. They would do well to begin with a study of the recent policy of the London County Council, and, if they doubted its efficacy, they would only need to pay a visit to the "Greater London." Some idea of what there is to be learned in this direction is given in a paper read by Mr. Sydney Webb, in August last, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The very possession of wealth is only made possible by government. The safe conduct of all business depends upon the certain protection of law. The most powerful business combinations take place under legal forms. Even dishonest and swindling schemes, so long as they violate no penal statute, are protected by law. Speculation in the necessaries of life is legitimate business, and is upheld by the officers of the law though it result in famine; and even then bread riots are put down by the armed force of the state. Thus has society become the victim of its own system, against the natural effects of which it is powerless to protect itself. It has devised the best possible scheme for satisfying the rapacity of human nature.

And now, mark: The charge of paternalism is chiefly made by the class that enjoys the largest share of government protection. Those who denounce state interference are the ones who most frequently and successfully invoke it. The cry of *laissez faire* mainly goes up from

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the ones who, if really "let alone," would instantly lose their wealth-absorbing power.

A significant example of this is found in some of the provisions of the so-called Pooling Bill. In a paper read by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright before the American Economic Association in December last, he characterizes this as "state-socialistic," and says:

> "This pending legislation is demanded at the instance of the shippers and the railroads of the country, and its passage is being aided by a powerful lobby in their service. The railroads base their advocacy of the bill on the claim that it will be for the interest of the shippers to have such a law."

And he predicts that it will be followed by a demand that the government shall take charge of the roads and guarantee dividends to the stockholders. He further says:

> "All this will be at the demand and in the interest of the railroads and of the shippers, and not of the labor involved in carrying on the work of transportation, as the demand of to-day for the enactment of the pooling bill is alleged to be largely in the interest of the shippers and the public welfare."

Nothing is more obvious to-day than the signal inability of capital and private enterprise to take care of themselves unaided by the state; and while they are incessantly denouncing "paternalism,"—by which they mean the claim of the defenceless laborer and artisan to a share in this lavish state protection,—they are all the while besieging legislatures for relief from their own incompetency, and "pleading the baby act" through a trained body of lawyers and lobbyists. The dispensing of national pap to this class should rather be called "maternalism," to which a square, open, and dignified paternalism would be infinitely preferable.

Still all these things must be regarded as perfectly natural, that is, inherent in the nature of man, and not as peculiar to any class. Therefore personalities and vituperation are entirely out of place. It is simply a question of whether they are going to be permitted to go on. The fault is altogether with the system. Nor should any one object to state protection of business interests. Even monopoly may be defended against aggressive competition on the ground of economy. The protection of the strong may not be too great, but there should be at the same time protection of the weak against the protected strong. It is not the purpose of this article to point out remedies, but tendencies, and it seems clear that right here are to be located the two greatest dangers to modern society. Here lies the only plutocracy, and here

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the only paternalism. The two are really one, and are embodied in the joint fact of state-protected monopoly.

The degree to which the citizen is protected in the secure enjoyment of his possessions is a fair measure of the state of civilization, but this protection must apply as rigidly to the poor man's possessions as to those of the rich man. In the present system the latter is not only encouraged, but actually tempted to exploit the former. Every trust, every monopoly, every carelessly granted franchise, has or may have this effect, and the time has arrived when a part at least of this paternal solicitude on the part of government should be diverted from the monopolistic element and bestowed upon the general public. If we must have paternalism, there should be no partiality shown in the family.

LESTER F. WARD.

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WOMAN'S POSITION IN PAGAN TIMES.

I HAD heard so many times, both in and out of the pulpit, that woman owed to Christianity her social elevation and the amelioration of her lot, that I had come to accept it as a truism. At all events it had never occurred to me to question the postulate until, one day, I read in the "Germania" of Tacitus that among the ancient Teutons a kind of sanctity seemed to pertain to women. Truly remarkable, considering the time when it was written, is the statement that the German women were not permitted to regard themselves as standing outside the world belonging to the men, nor were they unconcerned in their warlike pursuits.

I fancy I detect here a little fling at the ladies of the writer's own day, the astonishing variety of whose toilet articles we may yet admire in the Pompeiian Museum at Naples. Nothing, I should judge, was of more serious import to these damsels than their frivolities; and in the art of beautifying themselves they have been emulated, but not excelled, by their sisters of later date. If the exquisite and elaborate care of one's physical self is (as has been gravely contended) the crucial test of civilization, then civilization reached its climax about the age of Tiberius, and the feminine half of mankind has been retrograding rather than advancing in the last nineteen centuries. But to my mind the test is a flimsy one, and I could easily, if that were my present business, propose one more worthy of consideration. If the above statement of Tacitus is to be trusted, I am inclined to believe that the Germans, amid all the rudeness of a pastoral and militant life, possessed elements of a higher civilization than the fastidious and over-refined Romans. The chief evidence of this superiority is, I think, to be found in their attitude toward women.

This very question as to whether women should or should not regard themselves as standing outside the world belonging to the men has been noisily debated, and is continually reëmerging for fresh debate when we think it has been finally disposed of.

Among the ancient Germans it had not yet reached the stage of

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controversy, because, apparently, men conceded all that women demanded. There is to me something very noble in the comradeship of husband and wife which appears to have existed among these rude and hardy warriors,—a comradeship half resembling that of boy and girl before the consciousness of sex has markedly differentiated them. Not even from the tribal council were women excluded. Tacitus expressly states that they were attentively listened to, and that their advice was never left unheeded. I was once inclined to suspect a bit of courteous exaggeration in this, induced by the writer's desire to emphasize the contrast between the weight of personality and serious worth of the barbarian women and the flimsy frivolity of his own countrywomen. But a deeper study of Germanic paganism convinced me that the suspicion was unfounded. Paganism in the North did, undoubtedly, tend to evolve sturdier types of womanhood than Christianity has done; and it accorded a recognition to female intelligence which Christianity has been far slower in according. Largely, to be sure, the rude conditions incident to pastoral life, interrupted by frequent wars and migrations, were responsible for the sagacity, the readiness of resource, and the splendid courage which the daughters of Germany seem to have exhibited, a thousand years ago, in a far higher degree than they do to-day. For all that, I cannot but think that the Oriental view of womanhood, implied in the Bible, has had an enormous influence in forcibly checking the normal development. The Catholic church not only adopted, but immensely exaggerated the disabilities under which the sex had labored in Semitic lands; and the result was that the free-born, sagacious, and nobly self-dependent daughter of the Teutonic forests was dwarfed, subdued, and spiritually crippled until she became the commonplace, insignificant, obedient *Hausfrau* of to-day.

There is something exceedingly attractive to me in the picture of the tribal chiefs, with their wives and mothers grouped upon the earthen floor about the fire, deliberating concerning the affairs of the commonwealth. I seem to see the tall, brawny warriors, whose shaggy blonde heads and stubborn blue eyes looked so terrible to the puny Italians, and the paintings of Thumann and Piloty have aided me in divining their female counterparts. Where will you find a type of more splendid matronly dignity, or more defiant majesty of womanhood, than the latter's "Thusnelda"? Where such noble and healthful simplicity and vigor as in the former's Teutonic maidens in "Hermann's Return from his Victory over the Romans"?

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They have a fine, free, out-of-door air about them, and that sturdy, half-boyish candor which is so touching in the face of a girl. They have never heard of St. Paul's injunction that woman should not speak in meeting; and they utter with a full sense of responsibility grave, well-considered words upon which the fate of the tribe may hang. If (as Tacitus informs us) they were attentively listened to, we may be sure it was not from gallantry, but because they had something weighty and valuable to say. Gallantry came into the world with chivalry over a thousand years later. Now, without invidious comparison, permit me to ask if such a scene or anything equivalent to it would be possible to-day? I am, of course, making allowance for the extreme simplicity of the government of the German village communities; and I shall not, therefore, ask if women are tolerated in cabinet meetings or councils of state. But even in town meetings or communal councils I believe that their presence would now create a sensation. If, for all that, they have, since the days of Maintenon and Pompadour, wielded a considerable political influence, it has usually been of an unacknowledged and subterranean kind, of which they have had cause to be ashamed. And, truth to tell, their training, or, if you choose, their lack of training, and the character which this lack of training has developed, would to-day make them ill-adapted for any serious business in which prudence and deliberation were of prime import. It would be an exaggeration, perhaps, to maintain that Christianity is alone responsible for this undoubted degeneration of womanhood, as regards civic worth, weight of personality, and strength of character; but that it has been the strongest of a number of coöperating factors is beyond dispute. Social refinement, increased security of life,—in a word, civilization, with its changed ideals,—is responsible for the rest. And the two are so closely intertangled that it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends.

It is customary to comprehend under the term "chivalry" that radical change of sentiment which about the time of the Crusades, or a little earlier, began to revolutionize the social position of woman. The frank and unsentimental comradeship of pagan antiquity was superseded by an exaggerated, mawkish, and artificial homage which implied a lessened respect under the mask of a heightened one. Only two feminine virtues came to be regarded as important, viz., chastity and piety; and so far as the Germans are concerned there is no disguising the fact that beyond this point they have never since advanced.

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The Emperor William II. (if he has not been misquoted) is, to be sure, liberal enough to recognize a third virtue, viz., skill in cooking. Woman's sphere, he said recently, is bounded by the three *K's*—*Kirche*, *Küche*, *Kinderstube* (church, kitchen, nursery). It did not trouble him to consider how untrue he was to the best German tradition in making this foolish declaration. What kind of women can you expect to foster in the mingled fumes of nursery, church, and kitchen? Simple, devout creatures, no doubt,—pious, higher domestics, who will bear children meekly and be profoundly at the service of their lords and masters. It would be the wildest folly to expect any free and noble flowering of a soul thus narrowly circumscribed, and it is small blame to the victims of such a system if they fail to exhibit the qualities which we have for seven hundred years been at pains to suppress in them.

It is against the worn-out ideals of the age of chivalry that the women are now beginning to revolt; and although I am æsthetically shocked at their rebellion, my intelligence justifies and approves it. Let them reconquer the right to be physicians, surgeons, priestesses, and, if they like, prophetesses,—all of which they were during pagan times. Let them emerge from their historical swaddling-clothes, and move their limbs and their souls with happy freedom and grace. I am aware, of course, that to a limited extent they have already reconquered these ancient privileges; but the few daring pioneers enjoy but a chary recognition on the part of society at large, and for this very reason they have been apt to develop their pugnacity at the expense of their charm. Such would not be the case if they felt themselves to be as normal and natural phenomena as their colleagues of the masculine gender.

I cannot close the present reflections without correcting the very general misconception that during pagan times the position of women was practically that of slaves. It will, perhaps, surprise many to learn that the legislation regarding marriage and divorce was in Iceland and Norway far more mindful of the wife's interest than it has ever been during the Christian era. The old Icelandic law stipulated, for instance, that if a man were divorced from his wife (even though she were the offending party) he had to return her dowry intact. Divorce was legally obtainable if both parties desired it, and the law did not, as in Christian times, insist upon publicly humiliating and disgracing every man and woman who in youthful folly had committed themselves to a choice which made every breath

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a blight upon the face of life, and the hours a burden to be dragged through the weary length of day. Love was not held to be woman's only concern. Marital affection was rarely of the wildly romantic sort, but a mutual hearty good-will, esteem, and devotion, often amounting to tenderness, bred by habit and a community of interests. There are in the Sagas a few sublime instances of romantic attachments; as in the touchingly beautiful tale of "Gunlaug Serpent-Tongue and Helga the Fair." But they are relatively exceptional. What strikes one above all in the women of the Norse Sagas is their admirable practical efficiency and their passionate absorption in the quarrels, rivalries, ambitions, and feuds of their husbands, sons, and brothers. Generally speaking, love was not all of life to them, but an episode, though a highly important one. But it did not engross and possess them to the exclusion of all other interests. Primarily they were human beings; secondarily, women. As members of the family and the clan, they were as much concerned in the turbulent politics of the period as those who wielded the sword; nay, they were only too often the instigators of the fearful internecine wars which devastated the land. A kind of heroic lawlessness and mighty power of will made them often terrible and at times sublime. We have to admire, even though we may not approve. Such formidable strength of personality and elemental force of character (for good or for ill) present a glaring contrast to the sweet, coy, but comparatively insignificant women of the age of chivalry, who emphatically did "stand outside the world belonging to the men." They dwelt much of the time in sequestered bowers, like Turkish houris, listened to love romances, attended the solemn buffooneries of the love courts, gossipped, embroidered, played chess, dreamed, sighed, and had stolen interviews with lovers. Their whole lives and emotions centred in the passion of love. They were sweethearts, wives, mothers (and probably fairly good ones), but they were nothing else. They had no separate individual existence, no larger public interests; and their personalities were therefore, from generation to generation, reduced, impoverished, and dwarfed. Their sex gradually came to take precedence of their humanity, which is the most disastrous thing that can happen to any creature, male or female.

It may perhaps be impertinent to ask to what extent European and American women of to-day have emancipated themselves from this feudal ideal. The novelists, who not unfairly reflect public opinion, are yet tolerably unanimous in representing love as the one

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dominant and overshadowing concern in a woman's life. Most of them are also inclined to ridicule any member of the sex who aspires to wider spheres of activity. We fill the brains of our daughters with current conventional catchwords, as we fill their pockets with the current coin of the Republic, and it would no more occur to most of us to furnish them with the materials for forming independent opinions than it would to supply them with the tools for coining their own money. So long as this system remains in vogue, the happy comradeship between men and women which prevailed in pagan times is out of the question. For you cannot make a comrade of a cackling flirt, or a simpering fashion-plate, or an amiable echo. Until we cease to teach our girls the pernicious folly that they are to live only to love, they will, in my opinion, not be worth loving,— besides being exceedingly trying to live with.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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STUDIES OF NOTABLE MEN: STAMBOLOFF.

THE assassination of ex-Premier Stamboloff, of Bulgaria, last July, removed from the scene of his activities the most remarkable personality in southeastern Europe. Opinions as to his worth differ, and perhaps always will; but that he was a very remarkable man no thinking person can for a moment doubt. The stormy history of new Bulgaria is rich in heroic names, but in achievements and just renown no name rises higher than that of Stefan Stamboloff. He was born to lead and to command; a man of tremendous force of character, indomitable will, and, in pursuing his plans, original, fearless, and tireless. Built after the pattern and of the stuff of which Nature builds greatness, his strength and his weakness, his virtues and his vices, were alike great. A man, in fact,—

> —"whose genius was such,
> We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much."

It was by no accident, therefore, that his murder, at the early age of forty-one, created such a profound sensation throughout the civilized world.

Stefan Nikoloff Stamboloff was born February 12, 1854, at Trnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria. There he passed his boyhood, during which period of his life his fertile imagination was fired by the remnants of the ancient greatness of his enslaved country. At Trnovo he also received his primary education. When about seventeen years old he went to Russia and entered a theological seminary in Odessa, where he remained about three years. As a student "he showed a remarkable aptitude for learning, but his industrial moods were fitful and irregular." At length he left (some say that, owing to his total disregard of discipline, he was expelled) before quite completing his course, in order to join the insurrectionary bands in Roumania.

And who were these people that allured young Stefan from his studies, and what was their aim? They consisted chiefly of three classes: first, true patriots, who on account of their patriotism were

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exiled, or had saved themselves by flight, from Turkey; secondly, men who had suffered some personal or family wrong (such as father or brother killed, sister or sweetheart forcibly carried away, by the Turks) which had led them to vow eternal vengeance upon the race of their oppressors; and, thirdly, regular outlaws,—half soldiers, half brigands,—whose love of fighting and plunder, as well as hatred of the Turk, had led them to make common cause with the genuine patriots. The headquarters of this motley crowd was the "Central Revolutionary Committee" at Bucharest, whose purpose was disguised under the name of the "Central Benevolent Committee." The aim of this organization was to arouse the Bulgarian people to rebellion, in the hope of liberating their country from Turkish thraldom. With this end in view, from time to time small bands of them attempted with arms to force their way into Turkey; but the result of such attempts was always the same,—the utter destruction of the daring band, and the martyrdom of their sympathizers, real or suspected. Yet other bands followed in the same track, only to meet a similar fate.

Another no less daring and even more romantic method of work for the same end was their so-called "apostleship." The "Apostles of Liberty" were a class of picked men, usually the most ardent and persuasive speakers among the revolutionists, who were set apart and sent across the Danube to preach insurrection against the Turks. A more perilous life than theirs can scarcely be conceived. To be sure, they took some precautionary measures. Each "apostle" had an assumed name and garb, as well as an occupation which varied with the places he visited. Some of them were in turn merchants, farmers, foreign travellers, priests, and even Turks. They surrounded themselves with mystery, and they communicated their movements to the Central Committee by special messengers. But, despite all disguises, they were hourly exposed to danger. All these preachers of the gospel of political liberty, therefore, looked to the gallows as their most probable goal.

Such were the men, the movement, and its agencies that allured young Stefan from the seminary in 1874, when Liuben Karaveloff was the head as well as the soul of the insurrectionary idea, and Vasil Levsky, who had left the altar to become a revolutionist, was by merit the chief "apostle." The ardent nature, patriotic fervor, and restless spirit of Stamboloff fitted him for just such hazardous adventures. He at once joined the Central Revolutionary Committee, and threw his whole soul and tireless energy into its cause. Thus, although a mere youth of about twenty, he soon became one of the most important factors in

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the movement. All his rare talents, which have since won for him a world-wide fame, then became manifest. With his eloquence and original revolutionary songs he fired the organization to enthusiasm and greater activities. He presided at the sessions of the Fourth Revolutionary Assembly, and was elected one of the "Twelve Apostles." When Apostle Levsky was captured, and, after unspeakable tortures, was hung by the Turkish authorities at Sophia, Stamboloff took his place,—a position whose greatest distinction was its great peril.

In 1875 "Apostle" Stamboloff tried ineffectually to raise in revolt the city of Stara-Zagora in Thracian Bulgaria. Upon its failure he saved himself by hiding in the Balkans, and afterwards by flight into friendly Roumania. But the next year, in spite of the vigilance of the government, he was again in Bulgaria, working with resolution and increased energy.

In the spring of 1876 the insurrection of Bosnia and Herzegovina broke out, and the "apostles" made a desperate effort to raise a like one in Bulgaria, the partial success of which ended in the notorious Turkish atrocities. Yet this terrible failure proved a success in disguise; the long-cherished purpose of the patriots was attained. The victims indeed were many, but not in vain. The massacre, filling the whole civilized world with horror and indignation against the Turk—"the anti-human specimen of humanity"—led finally to the Russo-Turkish war (1877–1878), which ended in the liberation of at least the most important part of Bulgaria. And had it not been for the interference of England, under Beaconsfield, every inch of our fatherland would to-day have been independent, and there would have been no "Macedonian Question." Only two "apostles," so far as I am aware, lived to see Bulgaria free, they were Stoyan Zaimoff and Stefan Stamboloff. Thus, while in this last venture almost every "apostle" perished, as happened several times before, Stamboloff again managed to escape with his life.

After the liberation of Bulgaria, a still wider field was open for the display of his splendid talents; and, owing to his high public services, he was justly popular in the country. He naturally joined the Liberals, who were then in opposition; and when elected to the Sobranje as deputy for Trnovo, he distinguished himself from the first by that boldness which was at once the strength and the weakness of his character. When, for instance, a certain deputy, in advocating some government measure, mentioned, for the purpose of influencing his colleagues, that his measure was approved by the Prince himself, Stamboloff sprang

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from his seat as if stung by a wasp, crying, "What Prince! We are the princes, the representatives of the people!"

When, in 1884, the leader of the Liberal Party, Petko Karaveloff, —a brother of Liuben Karaveloff of revolutionary fame,—became Prime Minister, Stamboloff succeeded him as President (Speaker) of the Chamber of Deputies. In the revolution of Eastern Roumelia and the war with Servia, in 1886, he played an important but secondary part. The leading actors during those critical and glorious events were Zacharia Stoyanoff, Petko Karaveloff, and Prince Alexander. Stamboloff filled the important post of President of the National Assembly until the kidnapping of Prince Alexander gave him a chance to add one more to his list of heroic and historic achievements.

Prince Alexander, the first Prince of new Bulgaria, was dethroned by the partisans of Tsankoff in order to propitiate Russia, or rather to avoid the personal displeasure of the Czar. Briefly the situation may be thus described: Alexander II. gave us Prince Alexander. We believe that he gave him to us to be our Prince,—the Prince of Bulgaria. Whatever may be said about Alexander II. of Russia, Bulgarians will never believe anything but good of him. He was, and ever will be, our God-sent Liberator,—our Saint. Our Liberator, however, was soon afterward martyred, and his successor, Alexander III., disliked our Prince, because he ruled Bulgaria in her own interest, and not in those of Russia. Prince Alexander was a successful ruler, but, the more successful he was, the more he was hated at St. Petersburg. The Bulgarian Russophils—called also, from the name of their chief, Tsankovists—very readily echoed this hatred at home. And this enmity and disloyalty produced what in Bulgarian history is known as "the Ninth of August" (O. S.), a black date, which plunged the country into adventurous experiments not yet terminated.

During the night of August 9/21, 1886, some Bulgarian officers, whose unsatisfied ambition had rendered them easy tools of foreign designs, abducted Prince Alexander. With the aid of the treacherous Strouma Regiment and of the Academy cadets, which they personally commanded, the conspirators kept the Capital quiet, sent the Prince to Russia as a prisoner, assumed the supreme command of the army, declared the country in a state of siege, and established themselves as masters of the Principality. Every opposition was silenced by threats of instant arrest and sentence by court-martial methods, severe and speedy; graver cases of disobedience were declared punishable by death within twenty-four hours.

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While the conspiracy seemed thus triumphant, there appeared, scattered broadcast throughout the country, a proclamation in the name of Prince Alexander, which denied the assertion that the Prince had voluntarily abdicated, denounced the conspirators as traitors, and called on the people and the army to follow the "undersigned," and help, by overthrowing the newly established government, to wash out the national shame. "The undersigned" was, "S. Stamboloff, President of the National Assembly." He had set up a counter-government at Trnovo, where the news of the event at Sophia had first reached him. All this Stamboloff had done on his own responsibility; for he did not even know the whereabouts of the deposed Prince, or whether he was still alive. The boldness of the man took everybody's breath. Men first shuddered, then admired, then felt the manly impulse to follow and die under the righteous standard of so great a leader. Telegrams began to pour in from all sides: "We are with you." That part of the army which had not yet given its oath of allegiance to the government refused to give it; and the other, finding itself deceived, declared likewise for Stamboloff and the Prince. On the second day, instead of being shot down, Stamboloff was supreme in Bulgaria; and on the third he overthrew the government at Sophia and recalled the exiled Prince. It was by this brilliant and masterly stroke that Stamboloff introduced himself to the world.

Prince Alexander came back, but, owing to the hostile attitude of Russia toward him, abdicated soon after. Having obtained a promise from the Czar that Bulgaria should not be occupied by a Russian force "except in case of anarchy," Prince Alexander departed, leaving Stamboloff at the head of a Regency of three. Thereafter, for eight years, first as a Regent, and then as Prime Minister under Prince Ferdinand, he, more than any other man, shaped the destinies of the Principality.

The retirement of Prince Alexander from Bulgaria brought very different results from what Russia and her friends had anticipated. Instead of improving, the misunderstanding soon increased to the point of breaking off the relations between the two countries. The Czar sent a special envoy, General Kaulbars, to treat with the Regency. Kaulbars—who either knew little or cared little for the feelings of the Bulgarians, especially for those of the Regent Stamboloff, who was as yet little known to the outside world—entered Bulgaria, not to treat with the Bulgarian Government, but practically to dictate to it the pleasure of the Czar. His arrogant, dictatorial bearing was resented by the

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Regents. Aided by the Tsankovists, the envoy then started to stump the country; but Stamboloff sent his men on the General's track, and everywhere baffled his efforts. Then, in one of his fits of anger, Alexander III. recalled Kaulbars and all the Russian consuls from Bulgaria, and suspended relations between the two countries.

Nothing could have been more provoking to Russia than the conduct of the Bulgarian Government, which, instead of lamenting over the rupture, loudly congratulated itself on the good riddance of the Muscovite consulates,—"those nests of rebellion and disturbance." The partisans of Tsankoff, and all the Russophils, feeling scandalized, became furiously active. They protested that "Bulgaria cannot exist without Russia"; which proposition, following the illustrious example of Kaulbars, they undertook to demonstrate by inciting the people to rebellion in favor of Russia. And they actually succeeded in winning part of the army, which, in cities like Silistra and Rustchuk, rose in arms against the Regency. This made the situation exceedingly critical. Stamboloff saw at a glance how these disturbances, purposely created by her friends, might be used by Russia as a pretext, and—before the world—as a justification, for armed interference in Bulgaria. The prospect promised anything but good to Bulgaria's independence. Stamboloff no sooner saw the danger than he rose to the emergency, and met it with promptness, courage, and resolution. The revolt he put down with a merciless hand. Nine of the ringleaders in the Rustchuk rebellion—among whom were some distinguished officers—were shot down under sentence of court-martial three days after the event. The blow was heavy and cruel; but it attained its object. The Russophils were taught a much-needed lesson. They saw that Stamboloff was not a man to trifle with, and, while some now began to hate and others to fear him, no one again attempted rebellion. Severe as these measures were, they were approved by the country. Stamboloff was still by far the most popular man, while the name "Russophil" became synonymous with "traitor." Likewise the term "Black Souls" came into general use,—a name applied to the Bulgarian Russophils by Zacharia Stoyanoff, who was the right hand of Stamboloff, and the chief spokesman for the Administration.

This led the friends of Russia to change their tactics. They were now fully persuaded that they could hope to accomplish nothing so long as this "tyrant" continued in power, and, having no fair means of dislodging him, they began to plot for his assassination. Such was the beginning, eight years ago, of that deed whose horror shocked the

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world last July. The first in the series of these infernal plots came to light in 1890. Its ringleader was Major Panitsa, a popular bravado, who was convicted of conspiring against the state, as well as against the lives of the Prince and the Prime Minister, for which purpose he had received encouragement and money from Russian sources. He was sentenced and shot in June. But the next year Stamboloff narrowly escaped assassination when the Finance Minister, Beltcheff, mistaken for the Premier in the dark, was killed by his side.

Stamboloff now acted more like a wounded tiger than a reasonable being. He practically proscribed all prominent Russophils, many of whom were arrested; and four of them, after a long trial, were condemned to death. One of these, Milaroff, was a man of some literary standing. Seven were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment,—among them ex-Premier Karaveloff, whose term was fixed at five years. Throughout the whole of Europe indignant protestations went up against the results of the trial; but Stamboloff was not to be moved by threats or persuasions, and the quadruple execution took place June 14, 26, 1891, eight days after the passing of the sentences.

The excesses he committed in punishing this crime cost our Dictator his popularity, marred the last years of his able administration, and for a time obliterated from the short memory of the fickle populace his great public services. His treatment of Karaveloff probably best illustrates the ugliest side of Stamboloff's character. To Petko Karaveloff—once the sole leader of the Liberty Party, and a very successful Prime Minister under Prince Alexander—Stamboloff owed much of his rapid elevation to power. But Karaveloff lost his great popularity and the leadership of his party at the abdication of Prince Alexander, in whose abduction he was suspected to have passively taken a part. Although named by the Prince as one of the three Regents, Stamboloff, finding him too independent, soon ejected him and put in his place a man whom he could easily manage. Fallen, but not crushed, Karaveloff—the ablest political rival of Stamboloff—was gradually regaining his lost influence, when he was arrested on the charge of Beltcheff's murder, and was actually sentenced to five years' imprisonment. That Karaveloff had any part in the crime, none but Stamboloff and his judges believed. It appeared to some that Stamboloff put his rival in prison in order to have him out of his way. Nor could the intelligent overlook the fact that although Karaveloff was unfortunately a Russophil, he was more dangerous to Stamboloff's ambition than to his country. Many of the Dictator's best friends were

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thus alienated from him. This event, in regard to Stamboloff's great downfall, may be called the beginning of the end, for thereafter he was Premier, not by the will of the people, but in spite of it. Yet few dared openly to attack him. Indeed, he seemed to have paralyzed with terror the hand of despair itself, for although the upholder of his policy, Dr. Vulkovitch, was afterward assassinated by the Russophils at Constantinople, so long as Stamboloff remained in power no more serious complots were heard of in Bulgaria.

In the meantime, ever since 1887, Stamboloff had been earnestly engaged in establishing a dynasty for Bulgaria; for he regarded the Crown as one of the best safeguards of her independence. It was chiefly under his influence that the Grand Sobranje, which met at Trnovo, July (N. S.), 1887, elected Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha ruler of Bulgaria; and it was Stamboloff's strong arm that protected the Prince from attacks at home and abroad. He elected and maintained him in spite of the indifference of the world, and the open hostility and protestations of both Russia and Turkey. After the betrothal of the Prince to the Princess Marie Louise of Parma, it was at his demand that, in 1893, the Legislature revised the Constitution so as to permit the new Princess to retain her Catholic faith. In other words, if Prince Ferdinand is to-day ruler of Bulgaria, and has an heir to the throne thereof, it is due above all to Stefan Stamboloff. Him will posterity have to thank—or blame—for the present Bulgarian dynasty.

The fall of Stamboloff, in 1894, came rather unexpectedly. A few months earlier, no one would have believed it possible for some years to come. His enemies had credited him with a declaration to the effect that he was determined not to resign before he had been in power at least twenty years. I do not know whether he ever said such a thing, but it looked very much as if he meant it. He had triumphed over all his enemies, and commanded respect abroad and obedience at home. Turkey, which was disposed to be hostile at the beginning, he had finally both overawed and conciliated. Russia was passively awaiting the development of events; her special agents no longer dared to cross the border of Bulgaria. Even the obstinate Russophils, after exhausting all means, both fair and foul, had long since given up the fight, and had made themselves as scarce as possible in the country. There were no longer signs of discontent in the army; no longer, in time of elections, voting for the Czar of Russia, or, indeed, for anybody but Czar Stamboloff's candidates. The Legislature never objected to a single measure of his, and the Judiciary was hardly more independent;

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the right of public meeting was suppressed; the opposition press, although restless, was to a great extent muzzled; his energies were unexhausted, and his power unlimited. The abject crowd licked the dust before him, crying, "Long live Stamboloff!" It looked as if he were destined to be captain of the ship of state for life. But the appearances were deceitful. Deep down beneath the ken of the superficial on-looker lay the dynamite of popular discontent, waiting for an opportune hour to burst forth in fury against the Dictator. And the hour, hastened by Prince Ferdinand, came, sooner than the most sanguine hoped for. Whether because he was becoming restless under the overbearing manner of Stamboloff; or because he was jealous of his First Counsellor (who was getting all the credit for the government); or whether, finally, because by throwing overboard his great Minister the Prince hoped to purchase Russian favor (which he craved for well-known reasons) I do not know. Certain it is that the relations between the two men had become very much strained; and that, on Stamboloff offering it, the Prince accepted his resignation, May 18/30, 1894.

The news of Stamboloff's downfall was greeted throughout the country with wild joy. "Down with the tyrant" became the common salutation everywhere. On that day people seemed to have remembered his great faults alone; and the fickle populace, that a day or two before was singing him loud hosannas, was now frantically yelling, "Crucify, crucify him!" The attack of the press was doubled and quadrupled; for now every sneaking coward raised a loud outcry against "the tyrant." They brought forward every conceivable accusation against him, both true and false, and everybody believed everything. All political parties, which now reappeared at a bound, in hating "the Fallen Majesty"—as they not inaptly called him—became one.

Stamboloff's popularity, which eight years before had attained a height never reached by any other Bulgarian leader, had now descended to the other extremity. The elections that followed, which were comparatively free, did not return a single Stambolovist deputy. And the new Sobranje appointed a commission from among Stamboloff's bitterest enemies to investigate the charges of high crimes and misdemeanors brought against his administration,—particularly for violating the Constitution and unlawfully enriching himself out of the public treasury.

To avoid insult after his retirement,—knowing how intensely he was hated, and that the chiefs of the guardians of the peace were his

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bitter enemies,—he rarely ventured out of his house. He was, his foes said, a voluntary prisoner. Once, being summoned in court to give bail on the charge of having slandered Prince Ferdinand in a newspaper interview, he was mobbed in the streets in broad daylight, while the police, as he had expected, did little more than look on. But the active persecution of the Government—which, as time went on, was passing more and more under Russophil influence—did not appear so plain until, upon a trivial pretext, it refused to give him a pass to seek relief abroad from a dangerous disease. And whenever his organ, "Svoboda," called the attention of the authorities to the fact that there was a conspiracy against the life of the ex-Premier, the official "Mir" replied that the diseased mind of Stamboloff reflected nothing but murders and conspiracies around him. In the meantime, while the Russophil Government was actively engaged in "rooting out Stambolovism," the passion of hatred had begun to subside among the people,—some, doubtless, recollecting that Stamboloff had been something besides a tyrant; that he had done something besides evil. He then commenced occasionally to reappear in public, when, returning home on the evening of July 3/15, 1895, he was attacked and assassinated by those who had so long sought his life.

Such in the main and in brief was the remarkable public career of this remarkable man. As to his physical and other personal characteristics, he is thus described by eye-witnesses:

"Of all the [revolutionary] band, Stamboloff alone survives, with a smile upon his face that would seem to indicate a quiet conscience, an ambition that is well-nigh satisfied, and a magnificent confidence in his star which cannot fail to impress. He has a constitution of iron, and considerable physical strength, the happy heritage of the years of hardship and exposure he spent with the shepherds in the bleak fastnesses of the Balkans after every unsuccessful revolution, with the Turkish *zaptiehs* on his heels, and with but a sheepskin between him and the weather,—his clothing by day, and his couch by night. He is below the middle stature of man, and the general impression of his shortness is heightened by his depth of chest and breadth of shoulder, which are both phenomenal even for this country of heavy and coarsely-built men. His eye is black and very brilliant, and illumines his whole face. When closed or down-turned, his features are hard, drawn, and repellent. When he smiles, however, his expression is genial and almost boyish. He is without education,—his three years in a theological seminary being his only schooling; but after five minutes' conversation you are impressed with the original bent of his mind, and his clear, fresh way of viewing men and things. He has backbone and mother-wit, and easily disposes in debate of his antagonists, graduates of German *gymnasia* and French *lycées* though they be."[1]

[1] Stephan Bosnal, "Harper's Weekly," April 11, 1891.

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A letter by Prof. Grosvenor, of Robert College, to a New York paper, dated at Sophia, August 22, 1890, says:

"A short, swarthy, strong-framed man, his head shaped like a cannon-ball, he entered the room like a shot, and, with barely a word of greeting, plunged directly into the subject uppermost in his mind,—Bulgarian politics. His words flow like a torrent: words, sentences, exclamatory phrases, questions, jostling against each other,—that, too, in French, a language he has learned in the last two or three years simply by hearing others talk it. A man strong enough to despise subterfuges, he states just what object he has in view, and does not deny that by all means in his power he will endeavor to attain it. That ultimate object he states to be the deliverance of Bulgaria from foreign interference, the attainment of internal order, and the maintenance of individual liberty. Says he truly:

'Americans who do not know the East, living always in their favored, ocean-defended land, can never realize our difficulties, nor the necessity of what you call arbitrary acts. My first duty is the preservation of Bulgaria. To keep alive Freedom it is necessary sometimes to pull some of the plumes from her wings. Personally I know neither friends nor enemies. I know only Bulgaria and my policy. I do not want a personal following such as Bulgarian leaders have. If a man is content with my policy, well; if not, and if he is in the way, I push him aside a little (*Je l'écarte un peu*). As soon as Bulgaria's internal and external relations are in a perfectly normal state, I shall resign and say to the nation: "The work is done. Do you want me any longer?" Very likely they will; more likely they will not; for we know what the populace is. But I shall have been a patriot and served my country, and have served it perhaps most by deeds most denounced now.'

There is no hypocrisy about the man, even as there seems to be no reserve. The fact that I was known to him as an American and as a friend of Bulgaria may have helped to unseal his lips; but I imagine he would have talked to any stranger with the same freedom he did to me. He is an extraordinary man."

There is yet one psychical characterization of him, I think, that comprehends all the rest: he was *a Bulgarian* "writ large." Stefan Stamboloff was a typical child of his country, a Bulgarian to his backbone. The weakness and the strength, the faults and the merits of his race, were in him, with exaggeration, personified.

A full estimation of Stamboloff's character, and, to a certain degree, the full valuation of his work for Bulgaria, cannot be figured satisfactorily until we have more details of his private life. Yet, as he will be tried principally upon the record of his public career, an approximation to a verdict can be made now. We have seen that Stamboloff began his administration hated by a few partisans, and idolized—as sincerely as ever a man was idolized—by the people; and that he ended his administration loved by a few partisans, and hated—as passionately as ever a man was hated—by the people. Of so radical and complete a change of public opinion, the caprice of the populace and the laws of

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reaction to which society is a victim are not a sufficient explanation. There was still another cause. Stamboloff did commit actual blunders and some palpable crimes. That in his capacity as practical ruler of Bulgaria during his long tenure of office he displayed great talents and attained remarkable success, is undeniable. But it is also undeniable that the last years of his administration have left a lasting stain on his moral character. History can no more deliver him from the epithet "autocrat" than it can despoil him of the title "patriot."

His chief blunder was committed in thinking himself indispensable when he was no longer so; in trying to maintain his position when the people no longer wanted him. Immediately after the abdication of Prince Alexander his dauntless courage and his iron hand on the helm were a blessed necessity. The people instinctively knew it: they therefore upheld his hand and approved all his measures. But after 1890, when he had quieted down the country, and, as much as in human power lay, established the security of the Crown, his work was done. Then he ought to have resigned. The people were right. They saw that Stamboloff was—

> —"a daring pilot in extremity;
> Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
> He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
> Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit."

The people saw this; but he did not. This oversight or blunder caused his downfall and nearly proved his ruin, for, in order to maintain his power, he was obliged to resort to arbitrary means and perhaps to crimes.

An autocrat Stamboloff undoubtedly was, but he was something besides: he was a patriot. For if I do not agree with his blind admirers, who see nothing but honor and integrity in the conduct of their hero, I can much less agree with his enemies, who go so far as to deny him every virtue, and ascribe his activity to promptings of the basest motives. His motives were worthy of his genius. Bearing in mind the number of times he risked his own life for Bulgaria, even at a period when she had no honors or salary with which to reward him, I believe that no man—idiots and Russophils excepted—can for a moment doubt Stamboloff's sincere devotion to his country. Offspring of a semi-civilized social atmosphere, Stamboloff was not an ideal hero; but a hero he certainly was—a hero of the first magnitude, and a patriot with but few equals in the whole range of history. Patriotism, in fact, is the key of his whole life. In patriotism the intensity of his

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stormy being centred. Before her liberation, the dynamic of his life was: "Bulgaria free from the Turkish rule by any means and at any cost"; after the liberation, "the preservation of her independence." "My first duty," said he to the American professor, "is the preservation of Bulgaria. Personally I know neither friends nor enemies. I know only Bulgaria and my policy."

That in pursuing his policy Stamboloff used rough and objectionable methods, no man who craves the good opinion of those whose good opinion is worth having would attempt to deny. Yet, in estimating his character, three things must be taken into consideration: first, the environments of his youth; second, the kind of foes he had to deal with; and, third, the cause he was fighting for. The influences and the environments of his youth were very unfavorable for the development of a symmetrical character. Family training he had none to speak of; and his school education he got partly in Turkey and partly in Russia. In those countries, as is not difficult to conjecture, he found no Gladstone to take for his model, and formed few of those refined and humane tastes that produce Christian statesmanship; while, ever since he left school, "he had been the hero of plots and counterplots, of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes, until," in his thirty-second year, he found himself Dictator of Bulgaria. Is that a man of whom we would expect a tender conscience, scrupulous observance of the laws, and ripe parliamentary moderations? And is it fair to weigh him by an English standard of morality?

Then, again, before condemning his severity, we should consider the kind of opponents he had to deal with. His foes were not only on the wrong side of the question, but used in their warfare methods immeasurably worse than his. Stamboloff, judged by a high standard of Christian civilization, can indeed be condemned; but compared with his antagonists he appears not only great, but noble and upright. True, he was arbitrary and fierce, but he plotted or permitted nobody's murder. He had the traitors shot without mercy, but only after they had been sentenced in an open court. He was no coward. He struck right from the shoulder, and stood in the light of day like a man; the whole world knew where he stood and what he was about. The very reverse was the case of the Russophils opposed to him. They skulked in the dark, with rebellion in favor of a foreign power, fraud, and assassination as their chief weapons. The fiendish temper of Russophilism which he fought and held in check so many years is now well known by the exhibition it made of itself at Stamboloff's murder.

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During the thirty hours he was writhing from the fifteen terrible wounds it had dealt him, Russophilism broke forth with exultant rejoicing over his agony; when he died, it insulted his remains; and at the burial it danced around his grave. The whole world witnessed it horror-stricken. Such were and are "the Black Souls" against whom Stamboloff exercised ruthless measures; measures in his mind defensible because of their efficacy. He believed that in a successful fight with the devil a devilish severity was a necessity, and occasionally devilish weapons. He therefore fought fire with fire, and resisted Russia and her influence with her own methods improved,—excepting of course their brigandism. I shall not now discuss whether Stamboloff was right or wrong in arriving at such a conclusion. I only call attention to the fact that many eminent men in more advanced countries than Stamboloff's seem to hold the same views. It was not very long ago that a brilliant American senator publicly declared that the Decalogue has no place in politics.

In the third place, we must consider the cause he was fighting for. The policy for which he stood was: "Bulgaria for the Bulgarians; Bulgaria free and independent from all foreign interference." Now there are three Powers that are or may be a menace to Bulgaria's independence,—Turkey, Austria, and Russia. Whether Turkey can reconquer Bulgaria is doubtful. In case she does, she would be unable to hold her in subjection two years,—provided the European Powers would allow it, which they would not. The danger from Turkey, then, is reduced to a minimum. Neither would Austria have a very easy task to subjugate Bulgaria, because she would have to conquer Servia first. In case Austria does conquer both Servia and Bulgaria, not only could they, like the Slovaks and the Bohemians, preserve their identity and wait for the opportune moment for self-assertion, but in all probability such an opportune moment would not be far off. For Austria, who already has more Slavs than she can conveniently manage, would then be completely flooded by them. They would gain the balance of power, overwhelm both Hungarian and German elements, and simply convert her into a Slavic empire. Thus, since, by subjecting Bulgaria, Austria is likely to commit suicide, she cannot afford to try the experiment.

Very different is the case with Russia. Should Bulgaria be left alone, Russia would have no difficulty in taking possession of the country and holding it down. Being one in religion, and nearly one in blood and language, by merely transporting Bulgarian soldiers to

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Russia, and Russian soldiers to Bulgaria, she could in a short time completely Russify the country. Half a century would be all she would need to blot out the Bulgarian name from the face of the earth. For the Bulgarians the gate of the Russian empire bears this inscription: "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here." No man read this inscription with a clearer eye than Stamboloff. The danger was especially imminent during the first part of his administration. The threatening civil war or anarchy, had it succeeded, would have certainly invited Russian armed interference; in which case free Bulgaria would have been to-day either a mere history, or so far Russified that her final gravitation into the mass of the great Slavic empire would have been only a question of time. It was about this time that Prof. Freeman wrote: "For the moment neither Turk nor Austrian is so dangerous to Bulgaria as the son of her liberator." No man, as I said, saw the danger with a clearer eye than Stefan Stamboloff. And he devoted his life to prevent this threatening catastrophe, or to perish in the attempt,—and he did both, as we now know. The sight of born Bulgarians—whether knaves or fools, equally dangerous—helping to bring about the ruin of their own country, made his wrath against them uncontrollable. But it was his profound conviction that by these measures he saved Bulgaria from the fate of a second Poland. And who can say that he did not? Stamboloff's severity, then, was a result of the logic of events, plus himself,—a half-civilized, but more than a full-grown patriot.

Even against the grave charge that he identified his personal enemies with the enemies of his country, his friends advance a plausible patriotic defence. They argue that, as he was the greatest bulwark of her independence, the man who aimed at Stamboloff was in reality no less a criminal than a traitor to Bulgaria. And this was doubtless true, at least during the first half of his administration. That he ruled autocratically, he himself never for a moment attempted to deny. But he held it to be necessitated by the unsettled and extraordinary condition through which the country was then passing. He did deny, however, the charge of appropriating public money, and—to his credit let it be said—his not over-scrupulous enemies, after a whole year of special investigation, at the time of his murder had proven nothing, though they did announce that they had proven that Stamboloff had violated the Constitution,—which, as I said, he never denied.

If we now strike a balance, weighing his faults against his merits,

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not forgetting his great temptations, the issue of the verdict of justice and posterity admit not of a moment's doubt. His faults dwindle to insignificance by the side of the splendid services he rendered for the liberation and the preservation of Bulgaria. Setting aside for the moment the indispensable work of the Russian and Roumanian armies, the liberation of Bulgaria was achieved by the historic efforts and sufferings of half a dozen men,—Gheorghi Rakovsky, Liuben Karaveloff, Vasil Levsky, Christo Boteff, Gheorghi Benkovsky, and Stefan Stamboloff,—none of whom did a more valuable service than Stamboloff. The preservation of Bulgaria's independence may be accredited chiefly to Prince Alexander, Petko Karaveloff (until 1886), Zacharia Stoyanoff, and Stefan Stamboloff; but especially to the last named, who contributed toward it more than all the rest put together. For the liberation of Bulgaria, then, he has done as much as anybody; and for the preservation of her independence Stamboloff's services are by far too great to be compared with those of any man.

Such, in brief, are the royal and extraordinary public services rendered to Bulgaria by this, her extraordinary child. He has not inappropriately, therefore, been compared with Cavour and Bismarck; and if any single man deserves to wear the proud title of *Pater Patriæ* of new Bulgaria, his name is Stefan Stamboloff. "With all his faults,—and they were neither few nor small,"—Stamboloff is justly entitled to lead the names of new Bulgaria, writ by the finger of Fame on the roll of honor, to be read by a grateful posterity. It can be said of him substantially what Macaulay said of Warren Hastings: "Those who look on his character without favor or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of all social virtue—in respect for the rights of others and in sympathy for the sufferings of others—he was deficient. His principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But though we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the fertility of his intellect,—his rare talents for command, for administration, and for controversy,—his dauntless courage," his passionate love for Bulgaria, for whose independence he lived and was ready a hundred times to die.

Nor did his enemies end his services with his life. He has bequeathed to his followers and his country a safeguard, a priceless example. He showed that Bulgaria can stand on her own feet. Not only was he the embodiment of the national policy, but he also showed that the policy can be carried out. Previous to his administration,

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when the Russophils declared that "Bulgaria cannot exist without Russia," we half believed their favorite formula ourselves. To-day even they are shamed into modifying their treacherous declaration. For they saw Eastern Roumelia annexed to Bulgaria, and they saw the Servian war carried to a successful issue, in spite of Russia; they saw Stamboloff resist and deliberately defy their almighty idol. He did what no Bulgarian before him would have dared to attempt. Even our brave Prince Alexander was scared off his throne by a single frown from the Czar. But now the defence of Bulgaria's independence does not seem a task so superhuman. Now more timid men can and will continue his work, and because of his patriotic life and great work Russian absorption of Bulgaria is much less possible,—is in fact improbable. So I do not think that his cause loses much by his death. I believe, on the contrary, that, in murdering Stamboloff, Russophilism made a fatal mistake. Russophilism, in my opinion, has no more done with Stamboloff than Pharisaism had done with Christ when it nailed Him to the cross. Brutal materialism will again be reminded that sacred ideas are never thus annihilated; that the blood of the patriot-martyrs, too, is the seed of their Cause.

STOYAN KRSTOFF VATRALSKY.

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THE MODERN LITERARY KING.

TIME was—and it is not so very long ago—that an author, when he sat down to write a book, felt as if he were approaching a devout task. He felt as if the pen were a sacred instrument: the book a gospel. He lived a sane life: that is, he feared God and slept eight hours every night,—and when a man does those two things he *is* sane and very far removed from pessimism. He viewed life in a calm and rational manner; he went among people enough to understand them, and he had time and leisure to read. When he wrote, it was because he felt within him a mental or spiritual impulse which drove him to the pen; and when his work appeared in print, people realized that the man had written because he had something to say. He had a message. He wrote from inspiration. There was in his work a certain glow, a magnetic vigor, a reaching-out power which took hold of the reader as it had possessed the writer. It is this subtle power—or call it by what name we may—in Thackeray, that gave stamina and strength to "Vanity Fair," and made it a piece of fiction that will live as long as novels are read. It was that fine sensation of an inspiration felt and a deed achieved that Gibbon experienced in his historical writings. Coming to our own literature, we find the same power behind almost all of Emerson's work. Washington Irving was thus impelled to write, and, getting even closer in touch with our own day, we realize the same glow of inspiration in the writings of Lowell, who never stooped to make aught but art of literature. Those were, indeed, pastoral days in literature, and in America more particularly. The "needs" of the publisher, the "requirements" of the public, were far from the mind of the writer when he wrote, and yet his work invariably met both needs and requirements. But the author was himself in those days, and what he gave was of himself and his best self. He believed in inspiration, and waited for it before he wrote. He was actuated by no other motive than the impulse which drove him to transform a mental message—something which he felt and believed—into a printed page.

Nowadays we have changed all this. Inspiration is given no chance: one is almost led to say that it has become an unknown quality in our

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literature. The one thought of the author of to-day is to make matter out of mind. The successful writer of the present, once he has secured the eye of the public, feels that he must keep himself and his work before the eye of that public. He must produce and go on producing whether impulse or inspiration comes to him or not. He must, he feels, produce just so much work. He is sincere and conscientious in the hope that what he does will be good work. But if it happens to be otherwise, which is more than likely, he feels that he is not altogether to blame. The work must be produced. It is not a case of *can:* it is simply and purely one of *must.* He is in a feverish race: he needs keep in the procession and as near the head of it as he can. He is driven by a force he neither understands nor stops to analyze. He must eke out his living by his pen, and there lies the root of the evil. Not only does his present belong to another, but his future is mortgaged. He contracts to write books for delivery within the next two, three, or five years, quite unmindful of the question whether there will be a book in him to write, or a story in him to tell, or not. He is simply "under contract": his time, his brain, his mind is mortgaged. For each novel he is offered a larger sum than he received for his last, and proud is that author who, when a publisher comes to him in these days, can say: "My dear fellow, I can't undertake another scrap of work. Everything I do for the next five years is sold. My 1897 novel goes to So-and-so, my 1898 stories are sold to '——'s Magazine,' while all I do in 1900 I have contracted to give to the ——s. You see how I am fixed." And if you ask him what his 1897 novel will consist of, he has no more idea of its plot or context than has his valet or his cook. Nor is this in any sense an exaggerated picture of the condition of the modern American author. With one or two rare exceptions—so rare that they can be counted upon the fingers of a single hand, with fingers to spare—the successful authors of the day are under the thraldom of the modern literary king,—the almighty dollar.

It is easy to lay the blame for this condition of affairs—as some of our famous writers have done who have been brave enough to acknowledge it at all—upon the over-enterprising and grasping publisher. But it is evidently overlooked by these author-critics that no condition can become a condition until it is accepted. If publishers and editors have committed errors in advancing commercial standards and allowing them to sway our literature, our authors have committed equal error in permitting themselves to accept those standards. The responsibility for matters as they are cannot be shifted to one pair of shoulders any more

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than to another. Both publishers and authors are equally responsible, and they, not singly, but together, can change them.

As conditions are, they unquestionably injure the prospects of both producer and purveyor. Take, for example, the accursed "word" system which has grown out of this iconoclastic literary standard of ours. I mean the system of paying an author so many cents for each word in his manuscript. An editor or publisher goes to an author and promises to pay him so much per word for his next work. The story—if it be a story that is being bargained for—is not written: even the barest outline of the plot is not clear in the writer's mind. Absolutely nothing exists. A certain date is fixed for the delivery of the manuscript. The author makes a note of the transaction on his calendar, and a month or two previous to the time he is reminded of it and begins to write. The conditions of his contract are, generally, two: first, that it must be a certain kind of story; and second, it must be so many words in length. Every word means so many cents. He sits down to write with that one fact prominently in mind. Let him be as conscientious as he choose, as sincere as he prefers, it is human nature for him to remember that every word he writes means four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen cents to him. He cannot get away from it. The crisp retort in a dialogue is spun out to a dreary succession of words, words, words. And why not? It is words he is writing: it is words he is being paid for. Every vowel looms up into a figure, every "a," "an," "is," "if," "it," or "the" means so many cents to him. "To think that every one of those small words," said an author to me recently, while he was reading his manuscript, "means six cents. Odd, is n't it?" And then he went over his "copy" to see if he could n't put in a few more words to "cover his typewriter's bill," as he humorously—and yet very truthfully, I fancy—remarked. Nor is this man a "hack writer": he is one of the foremost American writers. When the manuscript reached the editor, a piece of paper was pinned to it,—"8,255 words, at six cents a word," it said; then came the footline, and the total in large, bold figures: $495.30! I was amused a week afterward in finding the editor who had "contracted" for the story busy in the confirmation of the author's figures. One of his assistants had carefully counted the words and found a difference of seventeen! Then it was revealed that the author had included in his count the chapter-heads, the title of the story, and his own signature! There were but three words to the signature, and I could not help thinking that the editor, after all, had gotten the name of his "star"—

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what he had actually bought at the start—pretty cheap; since, according to the author's own figuring, it brought only eighteen cents! But imagine Milton, for example, having written "Paradise Lost" at six cents per word, and throwing in his name for twelve cents! And yet this sort of thing goes on constantly in literary negotiations nowadays: in fact, we practically know of no other way of measuring the value of a manuscript. The result is that most of our authors are nothing more or less than a species of literary telegraph-operators who transmit to their public a certain number of words in a given time at so much a word.

It is idle to say that the literary purveyor is to blame for all this. The original offender—the creator of this soul-inspiring standard—might be difficult to trace, but the author who first accepted it is equally responsible with him who concocted it. That the standard is absolutely killing to good literary work, there can be no question. Every conscientious author knows this and feels it. And yet he practically does nothing to rid himself of the thraldom. So long as he gets six cents per word this season from one publisher, and seven cents—or eight if he can—next season from another, he is satisfied. His vanity is pleased, even though he stultifies his art.

As things are, a successful author, in our day, writes just one book—his first book—with true literary art in it and with the freshness of inspiration upon it. If this book does not make a success, he is safe, and, if not discouraged, he will write another book of merit. But if his first book meets with success, he has reached the beginning of the end. Even before he fully realizes that his book has commanded attention, and that, as an author, he is a success, he is pounced upon by an army of publishers, editors, and literary purveyors who immediately proceed to knock all the inspiration out of him. His first book was written in practically an untrammelled spirit, save, of course, with the pardonable hope of fame and success. His second book is written "to an audience" at "so much per word," with the final crack of the whip at the end of the contract that it will be finished at a certain date. And yet some of us wonder why it is that we have so many of what we choose to call "one-book authors,"—men and women who write one successful book and seem to be incapable of "doing it again," as we term it. Is the reason so invisible? After a while the new author turns into one of those machines which Mr. Zangwill recently so happily described in writing of Anthony Trollope:

"I always figured to myself Trollope's novels as all written on a long, endless scroll of paper rolled on an iron axis nailed up in his study. The publishers

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approach to buy so many yards of fiction, and shopman Anthony, scissors in hand, unrolls the scroll and snips it off at the desired point."

It does seem as if we can go only one step further, and buy the manuscripts of authors by the pound! In that case, how the fine rice paper now used as "copy-paper" by so many authors would go begging for customers!

All this commercial tendency in literary wares has caused the most fictitious values to be placed upon manuscripts of all kinds. And it is a value that, sooner or later, is destined to act as a boomerang to the author. The time is not so far back when a price of three cents per word was considered a fair remuneration even by authors of considerable repute. Then it jumped up to five cents per word, and it has been jumping ever since, until now the highest point reached, I think, is fourteen cents per word, with such an occasional leap into the realms of idiocy as when a certain magazine editor recently offered the author of "Trilby" five thousand dollars for a story of five thousand words,—with the check enclosed in the letter, in fact. So far as magazine publication is concerned, no story bought by it at fourteen cents per word can represent that value to it. The president of the publishing company which issues "The Century Magazine" has said that no novel printed in that magazine ever made a perceptible increase in its circulation. And any man who knows anything of the business side of magazines knows this to be true in his own experience. A value of fourteen cents per word, or anything approaching to it, is a fictitious value. It can only be such, and as such it can only react upon the author receiving it. It is simply impossible for him to hold his market at such a rate. He may for a time, so long as magazines feel the sense of keen competition that they do to-day. But when the strain of that competition is relieved, and editors begin to edit their magazines on a sound and normal basis of true values—as soon they will and must—the value of the ten-, twelve-, or fourteen-cent author will materially decrease. And, like a great many other kinds of people in this world, when an author once deteriorates in value he is like the man of whom "Josh Billings" wrote that when he began going down hill it did seem as if the hill had been greased for the occasion. The only true literary value is a normal and sane value: a value which does not attain fictitious limits, but holds its own. One or two wise authors, more far-seeing and discriminating than their restless brethren, have seen the wisdom of this course, and while they write to-day for five cents a word, as they did three years ago, the likelihood is that

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they will be getting five cents per word when those who aspired to higher figures—and reached them—will be getting two and three cents, and be compelled to hawk their manuscripts around even at that figure.

It may be questioned in some quarters, perhaps, whether this commercial aspect has, in reality, seriously affected the work of our well-known authors. But those whose business brings them into close contact with writers know it has affected them, and seriously so.

There is now an author before the public whose writings have a wide audience, but who has been recently told by the critics that his work is deteriorating. This is true, and it is not strange that it should be so. He is a man who as a writer shows the highest art in his work, and his earlier books demonstrate this fact beyond a doubt. But he has come under the influence of the dollar, and now writes what is called "to order." Not long ago a magazine editor approached this author for his next work, and found him just starting upon it.

"I would like it," said the editor.

"What will you pay for it?" was the author's first question.

"How long will it probably be?" inquired the editor.

"Oh, I can make it just as long or as short as you want it," said the obliging author. Then he added: "It depends upon the price. I can make a 40,000-word story of it if you like, and then it will cost you $6,000. Or, I can spin it out to 60,000 words,—and that is really what I ought to have to let the story tell itself; but then I will want $7,500 for it. Of course, if you can't pay more than $6,000, I can trim it accordingly."

The real question of the story itself did not enter into the question. It was simply a matter of price. You paid so much and you got so much. If you paid a little more you received a little more. It was Anthony Trollope over again.

The reason why our American literature suffers so unmistakably in comparison with that of other lands lies in this fact: that so much of our literature is written "to order" or "by contract." It is contract work that we are getting, and nothing else. I do not mean to say that the authors of other countries are free from this evil: I know very well they are not. But we are more addicted to the system than they, and we have helped foreign authors not a little in their addiction to it. It is absolutely a rare instance in which we find an author writing a book which is not sold, or been bargained for, long before he began to write it. And in nine cases out of ten he does not

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write the story as it originally presented itself in his mind, but he writes it directly to "the needs of the audience" which he has contracted shall receive it. The result in this sort of writing is always the same. Every author knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that writing to order means loss of power, loss of belief in the actuality of the tale, and ultimately loss of self-respect to the writer. Hack-work —and that is all that writing to order is—invariably results in a man mis-saying himself at every turn, until at the last he ceases to be the author of what comes from his pen. He turns into a veritable machine. This theory, I think, is apparent to every one who writes, and it accounts for much of what confuses and mystifies us in the writings of certain authors whose views on the same subject in two different articles or stories are diametrically opposed to each other. No author can remain true to his art or to his convictions who makes of it a trade pure and simple. Nor does it make any material difference how great a master of his art he may be. If he allows the commercial element to dominate his thoughts, his work invariably shows the influence. It is a system of degeneration from the moment he allows the influence to possess him. It is not stating too much in this connection to say that the products of some of our authors have simply become a mechanical annual crop, suggesting the fact that the writers are making all the hay they can while the sun of their prosperity is shining. Only a few of the successful writers of the day have the self-power to remain silent until they have something to say. One book follows another in rapid succession until the natural query is: "How in the world does he do it?" The result is that the great run of books we have are hard and wooden, with not the first sparkle of vivacity or individuality in them. They are simply so many books written to order and finished to fit.

When one looks carefully over the ground of modern literary industries, I think the truth comes home very directly that the agency known as the "newspaper syndicate" has done much to infuse this commercial aspect into our literary affairs. We may choose to believe that by the syndicate plan the writings of certain authors of renown have been made possible to people whose means do not allow them to buy magazines and books. This is, in a measure, true. But it is likewise true that the best works of the highest-class writers are hardly ever seen in the newspapers. There have been exceptions, but they are rare—exceedingly rare. For the most part the newspaper syndicate is the sewer of the author,—and I make this statement advisedly. I have the best

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reasons for stating that fully 70 per cent—and I am keeping within modest bounds—of the short stories and novels published in the modern newspapers are those which have been refused for book or magazine publication, or have been adjudged by the authors themselves as being unworthy of anything more than the fleeting publication which they suppose the newspaper of a day offers. The higher-class authors do not first offer their best wares to the newspaper syndicates: they employ them either as a last resort or as a "special channel" for "a certain class of their work," or as a means of advertising their names. And in either one of these rôles the syndicate is a positive injury to good literature. I am not attempting to make war upon the newspaper syndicates by these words, nor am I trying to cast reflections upon the judgment of newspaper editors. The syndicate is in business for money: for literature it cares very little. It is the author's name it is after, pure and simple. The newspaper editor simply takes the best of what is offered him, and often and again, in his heart, he knows that it is a poor best. But we are all more or less susceptible to the attraction of a famous name, and the average "supplement" editor of the newspaper is not an exception to the rule.

Here, again, both producer and purveyor are equally to blame. The syndicate manager attracts by the larger sum which his numerous newspaper customers make it possible for him to pay, and the author falls into the temptation. But "the newspapers are not so particular," he argues; "all they want is my name:" and he gives the syndicate man what he likes, and that is generally the story which has been refused by the magazine, or which he hesitates to offer to it. Such a course works only harm to the author. Unless he employs the newspaper syndicate in the same spirit as he does the magazine or the book, he does his reputation and his better class of work an injury. But he likes to feel that the story which he gives to the newspaper is but casually or hastily read, and that it is soon forgotten, and he takes the chance of publishing material over his name which he is often ashamed to have mentioned to him in conversation. But it is the reaching out for the dollar that actuates him, and, there being in the syndicate plan a good many dollars for even the poorest work of an author of repute, he sinks art into trade.

It is easy enough to sit down and sound the praises of the average Sunday newspaper, and many of us do so simply because we dare not say anything else. We fear to speak honestly and frankly. But when the truth is told of the average literary supplement of the Sunday news-

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paper, the best that can be said for it is, that if it does not hold exactly the refuse of literary workers, it represents nothing more than the lowest mediocrity of the names which it prints to its "features." And despite the feeling that these words will be misunderstood in a great many quarters, I say them frankly and knowingly, in the hope of opening the eyes of newspaper editors. And the sooner the newspaper editor realizes the true character of the material he prints to which are attached famous names, the better it will be for him, for his paper, for his readers, and for literature generally.

This glitter of fame has worked the deepest injury to literature. And the manager of the syndicate, or the supplement editor of the Sunday newspaper, is not alone to blame in this respect. The magazine editor and the book publisher are equally criminal. We have all of us by far too present the feeling that a certain effect can be had by the juggling of a great name, despite the material behind it. An author becomes famous, and every editor and publisher seeks him. The one stumbles over the other in the mad race to secure his next piece of work. The tension becomes so great that prices reach an abnormal height. The one outbids the other. After a while it becomes simply a question of personal achievement. This is what in these days we call "enterprise." Of the merit of the material which is being bid for so high, not one of the clamoring throng knows anything. That part which of all other parts is most interesting and most vital to the public is lost sight of. The author becomes bewildered amid the many applications that come to him, and, in order that he may not encounter the displeasure of his bidders, he promises right and left, and in a little while a mass of stuff issues from his pen that is simply stuff and nothing else. It does him no good, it does his greedy editors and publishers no good, it does the public no good. On the contrary, it works harm all around.

It is not making all this right to say that this restless and clamorous condition of affairs has made certain things possible which twenty years ago were impossible. Competition, rightly directed, is always healthful and developing, but a mad, reckless, and senseless competition is injurious. And this is the kind of competition now raging in regard to literary wares. It has nothing healthy about it, nothing stable. The whole thing is on a false basis. It is misleading to the author, it is unfair to the public, and it is rapidly becoming ruinous to the publisher. It is a mad race, honeycombed at every step with pitfalls into which authors, editors, and publishers are tumbling each year. It began with

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misconception, and it must sooner or later end in misconception if nothing worse.

All this—despite the fact that it may seem to have about it the distinct flavor of the green-room of literature—concerns itself with the public in a very direct way. If the financial groundwork of an institution is unstable, its productions will be of like character. The monetary basis of literary wares is unquestionably wrong, and the public suffers because of it. The literature given to the people is born of the mart and not of the study. Everything about it has the flavor of money, money, money. And instead of the conditions growing any better, they are getting worse. The true reason for much of the weakness of our American national literature is to be found in the conditions which surround the author of to-day, and which he has allowed to surround him and enter into his work. To his credit, it should be said that he does not desire it, nor does he relish it. It has been forced upon him. And there is where our literary purveyors are to blame. The commercial element is too dominant with them. But the author has fallen under the pressure, and there is where he is to blame. The course for each is plain. The remedy is in the hands of both. The dollar is the curse of our literature of to-day. It has become the juggernaut of the author. It is the modern literary king.

EDWARD W. BOK.

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THE CHIEF INFLUENCES ON MY CAREER.

To write about one's self may perhaps be considered an evidence of bad taste, yet who can treat the subject so well?—for while an author relates the concerns of his heart, we seem to hear but our own affairs; while he dwells on himself, we remain occupied with our personal thoughts. It is an excellent frame of mind in which to understand one another. I am therefore very happy to accede to the invitation of THE FORUM to write something concerning the influences that have gone to form my career.

Yesterday, as I walked by the bank of the Seine, the spring sunshine enlivened the quays and their noble outline of stone; the scudding clouds gave to the brightness of day the charming spontaneity of a smile; and, while the crowd swept past, I abandoned myself to the sweetness of undefined reverie. I never pass along these quays without a feeling of joy and sadness, for I was born here, and here I spent my childhood. Seen thus in the sunshine, are they not one of the most beautiful sights in the world? Here one sees the Louvre,—chiselled like a precious stone,—the trees, and the books; one breathes under a lovely sky, amid the memory of the centuries, the sweetness and excellence of living. These quays have a culmination of delight in that art and nature are here united in the beauty of friendship. Even the sky is loveliest here,—now of a uniform blue, lightly touched with a thousand delicate hues, or enriched with purple, flame, and gold all melting into one; or again of a gray so tender that unexpected tears spring into the eyes. Here the sun throws his rays upon the boxes exposed by the old book-dealers for the profit of artless scholars and old priests. How charming it is to gaze at the water as it runs under the arches of the ancient bridges, witnesses to so many stirring events! It seems as if their very stones could speak, and in truth they do talk to the archæologist. But the water is a babbler who talks to all the world. Cool, limpid, and laughing, it gayly bears the boats which cover it with silvery ripples, and, quivering, reflects the willows and the beech-trees which make

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its banks verdant. On these banks, where the old books mingle with the landscape, I was brought up by the lowly and simple ones of whom I alone preserve the remembrance.

Of the Quai Voltaire, where I acquired a taste for the fine arts, I have preserved enchanting recollections. The greater part of my adolescence was passed in that house where, half a century earlier, Dominique-Vivant Renon, gentleman-of-the-chamber to the king, director of the fine arts, member of the Institute, and baron of the empire, withdrew with his collections and mementos to spend the garnished elegance of his old age. The restful façade of this residence, pierced by the light arches of the tall windows, recalls, by its aristocratic simplicity, the period of Gabriel and of Louis. I see myself again a little child looking at the boats as they passed, and drinking in life with delight. The Seine that flowed before me charmed me by the grace natural to the waters,—the motive of matter and the spring of life. Ingenuously I admired the delightful wonder of the stream which bore the boats by day, reflecting back the sky, and at night became covered with precious stones and luminous flowers. And because I loved it, I desired that that beautiful water might remain always the same. My mother told me that the rivers flowed into the ocean, and that the waters of the Seine ran without ceasing; but I repulsed this idea as unreasonably pitiful. In this, perhaps, I lacked the proper scientific spirit, but I embraced a dear illusion, for in the midst of the evils of life there is no greater affliction than the universality with which things pass away.

At evening, at the family table, under the lamp which burned with infinite mildness, I turned over my old Bible with the ancient prints, which my mother had given me, and which I devoured with my eyes before ever I was able to read. It was an excellent old Bible, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century; the engravings were by a Dutch artist, who had represented the terrestrial paradise in the guise of a landscape in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. The hills were covered with oaks grown awry in the wind from the sea. The meadows, admirably drained, were intercepted by rows of mouldy willows. An apple-tree with mossy boughs represented the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The animals in view were domesticated, and presented the idea of a farm with a well-regulated poultry-yard. There were the oxen, the sheep, the rabbits, and a fine horse of Brabant, clipped and groomed, waiting to be harnessed to the carriage of the burgomaster. All this enraptured

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me. I do not speak of Eve, who was portrayed as a Flemish beauty; but here were the lost treasures. I was still more interested in Noah's ark. I can yet see the spacious and circular hull surmounted by a cabin made of planks. O, marvel of tradition! Among my toys was a Noah's ark of an exact similitude, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children standing round them. It was a great proof to me of the truth of the Scriptures. "*Teste David cum Sibylla.*" At the period of the tower of Babel the personages in my Bible were sumptuously clothed according to their condition: the warriors in the pattern of the Romans of Trajan's Column; princes with turbans; the women looking like those of Rubens; the shepherds in the fashion of brigands; and the angels modelled after those of the Jesuits. The tents of the soldiers resembled the rich pavilions seen in tapestries; the palaces were in imitation of the Renaissance. There were the nymphs of Jean Goujon in the fountain in which Bathsheba bathed. That is the reason these pictures gave me the impression of a profound antiquity. I doubted whether even my grandfather, severely as he had been wounded at Waterloo,—in remembrance of which he always wore a bouquet of violets in his button-hole,—could have known the tower of Babel and the baths of Bathsheba.

O, my old Bible with its engravings! What delight I felt in turning over its pages in the evening, when the pupils of my eyes already half swam with the rapturous undulations of infantine slumber. How I saw God there in a white beard! How sincerely I believed in Him!—although, between ourselves, I considered Him inclined to be whimsical, violent, and wrathful; but I did not ask Him to render an account of His actions,—I was accustomed to see great personages behaving in an incomprehensible manner. And then I had at that time a philosophy! I believed in the universal infallibility of men and matter. I was persuaded that there was a rational reason for everything, and that such a vast affair as this world was governed with seriousness,—a wisdom which I forsook with my ancient Bible! What regrets have I not since had! Only consider. To be one's self quite little, and to be able to attain to the end of the world after an honest walk. To believe that one has the secret of the universe in an old book, under the lamp, when the room is warm! To be in no trouble, and yet to dream! For in those days I dreamed, and all the personages in my old Bible came as soon as I had lain down, and passed the footboard of my bed in procession.

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Yes, kings bearing sceptres and crowns, and prophets with their long beards draped under an eternal gust of wind, passed before me with dignified good nature while I slept. After the procession they went to arrange themselves in a box of Nuremberg toys. But I did not understand why God had prohibited that good Flemish Eve from touching the fruits of the tree which gave pleasant knowledge. I know it now, and I am very near believing that the God of my old Bible was right. That wise old man, a lover of gardens, said to Himself no doubt: "Science does not make happiness, and when men come to know much of history and of geography they will grow sad." And He was not mistaken. If, peradventure, He still lives, He must felicitate Himself on His foresight. We have eaten the fruit of the tree of science, and it has left the taste of ashes in our mouths.

In the daytime, in the midst of the jack-snipes, the trefoil, and the daisies which at that time might still be gathered on the wild and blossoming declivities of the Trocadéro, I played at hoop at the foot of the statues on the Pont d'Jéna. I entertained no particular opinion concerning these statues; I saw vaguely that they were men who held horses of stone by the bridles. I knew not if they were beautiful or ugly, but I was very sensible of the fact that they were enchanted like the light of the sky which laved me deliciously, and the salubrious air which I breathed in joyfully; like the trees on the solitary quays; like the laughing waters of the Seine; like the whole round world. I felt that very surely, but I did not doubt that the enchantment was in myself, and that it was I, so young, who filled the universe with a radiant sprightliness. The myth of an earthly paradise is a grand truth, and I am not astonished that it has entered into the conscience of the people. It is true that each in turn we commence again the adventure of Adam, we waken to consciousness in the terrestrial paradise, and our childhood is spent in the pleasantness of a new Eden. In these blessed hours I have seen thistles pushing out from under a heap of stones, in the sunny lanes where the birds sang, and I say truly, it was paradise. It was situated, not between the four rivers of Scripture, but on the hills of Chaillot and on the banks of the Seine.

But the pictures I made of living people were confused. Among my earliest recollections I recall very vividly, when not more than four or five years old, having seen Louis Rubois, then very old, who was my father's friend, and who had written an additional couplet to the six stanzas of the "Marseillaise" of Rouget de l'Isle. I ad-

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mired him extremely, certainly not on account of the additional verse of the "Marseillaise," but because he pushed my hoop in such manner as to make it sweep back to the point of departure. This dexterous artifice was all that I knew of him. A more distinct physiognomy to me was that of Barbey d'Aurevilly. My grandmother, who knew him slightly, and whom he greatly astonished, pointed him out to me on our walks as a singularity. This gentleman, wearing over his ear a hat with a border of crimson velvet, whose waist was compressed in a redingote with a full skirt, walking along and beating with his riding-whip the gold galloon on his tight-fitting pantaloons, did not inspire me with a single reflection, for it was not a natural instinct with me to search out the reason of things. I observed, but not a single thought troubled the clearness of my gaze. I was satisfied that people existed who were so easily recognizable, and certainly M. d'Aurevilly was one of that sort. I preserved an instinctive friendliness for him. I united him in my sympathy with an invalid who walked on two wooden legs and used a couple of canes, and who said good-day to me; with an old professor of mathematics who had only one arm, and who, with rubicund face, smiled in his satyr's beard at my nurse; and with a huge old man who, since the tragic death of his son, had worn clothes made from canvas. These four people had the advantage for me of being, beyond every one else, perfectly distinct, and I was satisfied with this attitude. To this hour I am unable to separate M. d'Aurevilly from the recollection of the professor, the invalid, and the madman whom he has gone to find again in the world of shadows. They were but a part of the statues of Paris for me, those four, like the statues on the Pont d'Jéna. The only difference was that the four walked, and the statues did not. As for the rest, I never dreamed of it. I did not know very well what was meant by life, and, after having considered it a good deal since, I avow that I comprehend it scarcely any better now. But since I have been carried back to the delightful abysses of souvenirs, I will remain there yet another moment.

And here, first, I see again the little "*potache*" who, with his nose in the air and his books on his back, goes early to school, and studies the correct things in those rooms wherein such a quantity of ink has been spilt and such a quantity of chalk-dust has been scattered over the blackboard. The place to which he repaired was the Stanislas Academy, then rural and full of oddities. The time spent there was not burdensome. I have delightful recollections of

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it. First of all, that of having been young, which is charming: the universe is as old as ourselves; it is born, lives, and dies with each one of us. It is we who make it; and when there are no longer any men there will no longer be any universe. It is thirty years since I tasted the blossoming newness of the world. To speak honestly, my school was not then what it has become to-day. The house was not so large or so handsome, but it was well arranged for little people like myself. The scholars were few, and, as we were not an army, the discipline was not warlike. We were given a little liberty, we took more, and life was very tolerable. My school has altered greatly since then; for work is done there nowadays. We were indolent in our time, and I did not wear out my Homer and Virgil. The level of the studies was not high, and for my part I contributed nothing to elevate it. Among the sixty scholars, fifty squandered their time. The other ten became well-informed, or at least well-mannered, for the ancient Stanislas succeeded above everything else in inculcating the principles of good breeding, thanks to Livy and Sallust; thanks also, I think, to his handsome shade-trees and his spacious courtyard, but especially to his director the Abbé Lalanne.

He was a charming old man, this Abbé Lalanne. He was ugly, but it was a pleasant ugliness. He was ugly like St. Vincent de Paul. With that he had the air of being of stone,—not at all hard or cold, but like those old stones from which the saints are carved in the churches: those stones that have taken on a strange sweetness from the caresses of the moon; that seem to be softened by the dews of morning; that are mossy, and look benevolent. His wrinkled brow, his huge nose, his gray cheeks, an enormous chin, seemed to be hewn from one of those stones; and his eyes, of a clear gray, bright and young, appeared like two flowerets in a ruin. Lively and weak, eloquent and a stammerer, it was given him to please by mere whimsical contrast. He was venerable, but provoked a smile. His was a great and tender heart, a soul just and holy, and a spirit at once lively, impatient, and ingenuous. In him good sense became united with the humorous. He was a poet who took much more pleasure in versification than Lamartine, but who met with less success. He composed little tragedies which we played on feast-days under a shed. I recollect about 1858 that we gave a recitation of a *Pharamond* in the costumes of the period. This holy man made the verses in his simplicity as a joiner planes a board. But he was an incomparable educator, though a little irresolute and wavering. He lived in a

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pure atmosphere, and he inspired only what was good and grand. I had the best of masters, and I was the worst of scholars.

Our teachers were a sort of monks in redingotes, with whom I never succeeded in being friendly. It was not their fault, but, like the old Duke Pasquier, I do not love the monks. I have retained the most painful remembrance of my first year of Greek. We were given forthwith those little pieces of Æsop, so well known and so insignificant. These moral myths inspired me with a distaste that I still feel. After Æsop we were given Homer, and in the "Iliad" we were inundated with knowledge and delight. The "Iliad" is like the sea. Men contemplate the ocean with pensive admiration, while the children play at the brink of its expiring waves: thus does the divine Homer astonish and entertain the young ones. At the first lesson I saw Thetis rising like a white cloud above the waves. Then enchantment followed enchantment: Nausicaa and her companions; the palm-tree of Delos; the sky; the earth; the tearful smile of Andromache,—I understood and I appreciated them all. I will not dwell longer on the memories of the time when, wholly a child, I discovered Greece, further than to recall for a moment those happy hours in which, with my head thrust into my dictionary at my ink-besmeared desk, I saw divine figures with arms of ivory falling against white tunics, and in which I heard voices blended in harmonious lament. These prodigies issued forth from my Sophocles, for whom I neglected everything else.

I returned from school each day to my home, where I listened to the gossip of the little circle gathered at evening in my father's bookshop. There I saw M. de Barante, then more than an octogenarian. At school we read with avidity his "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," and I looked at the author of these interesting recitals with all the agitation and awe of a youthful admiration. But he was an excellent man, kind and mild, and loved to render service to those about him. His manner recalled the line:

"Rien ne trouble sa fin : c'est le soir d'un beau jour."

I now see again, as he was about the year 1860, the blue-eyed, bald-fronted, grave, and gentle Louis de Ronchaud, since then Director of the Museum of the Louvre. Again I hear him speak, in tones of sincere affection, of the beauty of Greek and Florentine art. His conversation formed one of my earliest delights. I did not understand all he said, but when one is young it is not necessary to under-

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stand everything in order to admire everything. I felt that he was in possession of both the good and the beautiful. I was convinced that he would share the table of the gods and the couch of the goddesses; but the following day in school I comprehended that my modest professor did not belong at all to that celestial race, and I despised him for it. I was shocked to find him so ignorant of the beauties of antiquity. Thus, through the influence of M. de Ronchaud, I remained away from certain classes to spend the time in the Louvre before a metope of the Parthenon. But, as Renan has said, it is possible to be saved by different methods.

As to my holidays, I passed the greater part of them with Leclerc the younger, who at that time sold antique armor in a little shop at the lower end of the Quai Voltaire. Leclerc the younger was old. He was small, erect, and lame like Vulcan, and, girt with an apron of serge, from morning till night he polished the weapons which, henceforth harmless, were to accomplish their peaceful destiny in the panoply of a castle. His shop was full of halberds, morions, sallets, gorgets, cuirasses, and spurs, and I remember to have seen there a target of the fifteenth century, entirely colored with gallant devices. Those who have not seen such a memento of chivalry must fail to comprehend its marvellous romance. Toledo blades, Saracen armor in its infinite grace,—those oval helmets from which fell a network of steel meshes as fine as muslin,—and shields of damascened gold, inspired me with a lively admiration for those terrible emirs who fought with the Christian barons at Ascalon and at Gaza. If the truth were told, the helmets and shields of Leclerc the younger did not really date from the Crusades; but I was prone to see in the shop of my old friend the coat-of-arms of Villehardouin and the scimitar of Saladin.

But the paradisean years of a tender and sagacious childhood are passing, and the moments grow short when the eyes of fifteen color the old universe with the tints of Aurora. The years of youth which are now approaching had a taste often bitter, but whose perfume yet remains sweet in the remembrance. At that time I had no desire to write. I led a solitary and contemplative life, and as I was studying nothing I learned much. In fact it is while walking that those discoveries are made which are at once moral and beautiful. On the other hand, what one finds in a laboratory or in a work-room usually amounts to very little, and it is to be observed that professional scholars are more ignorant than the generality of other people. How often, alone of a morning, have I followed the sinuous paths in the

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Jardin des Plantes, among the deer and the sheep who thrust their heads between the shrubberies begging for bread. And in that old garden, peopled with animals, I seemed to find again the terrestrial paradise of my old Bible. Very frequently, however, five or six of us met, attracted by an affinity of taste and sentiment. As we had nothing to do, we made over the world. I recall with delight our walks in the garden of the Luxembourg and under the sombre trees in the Avenue de l'Observatoire. And in all seriousness I must tell you that the wind blowing among the leaves chanted more harmoniously then than it does to-day. More noble and beautiful the sun went down among the golden mists of evening. I would ask all my friends of that time, Were not those days better than these? A spell was on us, and we were happy because we were young. I do not know what mystery enveloped us, nor what zeal inspired us. For myself, I was not satisfied unless I expounded the universe as my day's task under the plantains of the Luxembourg. Some of us have preserved the memory of those youthful conversations, the lengthy talks in which Paul Bourget, almost beyond adolescence, brought to bear his fine analysis and eloquent inquisitiveness. It was something marvellous to hear him, in our walks, talk of the poetry of Shelley and of the philosophy of Spinoza. He entered then with disquieting boldness the intellectual domain which he has since conquered. A constructor of romances, he promised us another and a more impartial "Adolphe"; a poet, he made admirable verses elegant and ingenuous like himself,—verses full of an assumed languishment and an airy philosophy; a critic, he excelled in tracing the history of thought, and was incomparable in the analysis of the genius of a writer and a philosopher. Already divided between the cult of metaphysics and the love of worldly graces, his discourse passed readily from the theory of the will to the subject of feminine attire,—a foretoken of the romances he has since given to the world. There was no perceptible difference in age between himself and the big scholars whom he instructed in Greek, Latin, and philosophy, but already vigor of mind and the habit of reflection had made him the master. His ideas were controlled by an elegant severity which was the admiration of our little circle. To our debates, frequently prolonged far into the night, he brought a greater philosophy than the others. How many times have we not reconstructed the world amid the silence of the deserted avenues in the twinkling light of the stars! And now these same stars listen to the disputation of other youths

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who in their turn reconstruct the universe. Thus the generations ever dream dreams equally sublime and vain.

We were all enthusiastic determinists. One or two among us were neo-catholics, but they were full of uneasiness. The fatalists, on the contrary, displayed the serenity of a confidence not preserved, alas! We know well enough to-day that this romance of the universe is as deceptive as all the rest, but then the works of Darwin were our Bible. With ardent faith we said: "A man has come who has emancipated men from vain terrors." I cannot refrain from the recollection of those frequent visits which, with Darwin under our arms, we made to the Jardin des Plantes. As for myself, I entered as I would a sanctuary the rooms of the museum crowded with every species of organic form, from the stone lilies, the crinoids, and the long jaw-bones of the great primitive sauria, to the arched backbone of the elephant and the hand of the gorilla. In the centre of the last room rose a Venus in marble, placed there as symbolic of an invincible and tender force, the multiplier of all animated life. Who will restore to me the emotion, artless and sublime, which agitated me before that delicious type of human beauty? I contemplated it with an intellectual satisfaction accorded to presentiment. The various organic forms had insensibly guided me to this one. How I imagined that I understood life and love! How sincerely I thought that I had surprised the divine plan!

We had at that period in the Latin Quarter an impassioned sentiment for the natural forces; the works of Taine having greatly contributed to this frame of mind. He was a determinist with abundant evidence and a richness of illustration which created on the intelligent youth at the end of the Second Empire an impression deep and difficult of comprehension to-day. The working of this powerful mind inspired us, toward 1870, with an ardent enthusiasm, a species of religion which I called the dynamical cult of life. That which it gave was method and observation, fact and thought, philosophy and history,—science, in fact. His theory of civilization amazed us. Personally, I considered it excellent, nor was I mistaken. But I did not then know that every well-constructed theory is equally excellent in the sense that they are the indispensable shelves on which to arrange facts in the order of detail. In the neighborhood of my twentieth birthday I did not understand it so, however, and would have been provoked to anger at the suggestion that the system of Taine, like every other system, was a mere piece of furniture. Neverthe-

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less, it was exactly that. An excellent artificer had constructed it by measure. My admiration has not diminished, and I preserve my early enjoyment of this masterpiece of intellectual art. I uphold the veracity of the system as I did at twenty, because it is logical. A philosophical verity resembles the degrees of latitude and longitude indicated on the maps. These circles make us acquainted with the precise position of the various degrees on the globe. In my sixth year, when I first saw a map of the world, I imagined that the lines traced there corresponded to tangible realities. I searched for them in my walks in the gardens of the Tuileries, but I found no trace of them. In scientific order this was the first occasion on which I was deceived; the idea that the theory of civilization was not an absolute truth constituting the second or third repetition of deception.

About this time Baron Haussmann, unknown to himself, had in the service of the prefecture a number of long-haired poets and small journalists, and here in the office were read aloud the *Châtiments*, and here was glorified the painting of Manet. Paul Verlaine recopied here his Saturnian poems on the paper of the administration. Like the rest of us, he had completed his studies in various lyceums, and was to take his bachelor's degree after having sufficiently studied the classics to thoroughly misunderstand them. And as instruction leads to everything, he afterward entered an office in town. I do not say this in reproach. It was the existence of François Coppée, of Albert Mérat, of Léon Valade, and of numerous other poets who were prisoners in an office and who went into the country only on Sunday.

This modest and monotonous existence, favorable to dreaming and the patient labor of versification, has been shared by the majority of the Parnassians. Almost alone in this circle, M. José Maria de Hérédia, although deprived of the greater part of the treasures of his ancestors the *conquistadore*, still managed to make the appearance of a young gentleman and to smoke excellent cigars. His cravats were as splendid as his sonnets. But of the sonnets only were we jealous. Unanimously we despised wealth. We loved only glory, and we still desire it if in somewhat more discreet and an almost secret fashion. We asserted—I do not know very well why—our pretension to impassivity. The great philosopher of the school, M. Xavier de Richard, maintained with fervency that art should be as cold as ice, yet we did not so much as perceive that this *doctrinaire* of impassivity did not write a verse which was not the vehicle of the violent expressions of his passions, political, social, and religious; his

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broad and apostolic brow, his burning eyes, his ascetic meagreness, his generous eloquence did not enlighten us. It was a glorious time, —that in which we lacked common sense.

Very often we found ourselves in the Rue Rousselet, narrow and dirty, but bordered with gardens, and full of souvenirs dear to the heart of a true Parisian. It was here that Madame de la Sablière came to live when she renounced the world and devoted herself to the service of the sick. This charming woman, who had greatly loved many things in life, carried nothing to God in her penitence but the ruins of her heart and of her beauty. At twenty steps from this chamber, where, two hundred years ago, the friend of La Fare wept over the still smoking ruins of her wasted life, before a window opening upon the garden of the Brotherhood of Saint Jean de Dieu, how many vows all fresh with youth and hope have I not uttered! Here lived my friend Adolphe Racot, then full of dreams and projects, cordial, good, and vigorous, whom journalism and many romances killed. It is now some years since he died, but in those days we had before us the infinite. From that window we could see the house where François Coppée, in a little garden near his modest and flowery lodging, composed verses that were as true, simple, and amiable as himself. Paul Bourget, his forehead gloomy with metaphysics under his adolescent head of hair, was constantly there. Coppée and Bourget visited Barbey d'Aurevilly, who then inhabited a little chamber in the same Rue Rousselet where he lived for thirty years in noble poverty: they brought him that most delicious thing, a youthful admiration.

But I have drifted too long amid the delights of remembrance, and I have sufficiently extolled the splendors of a life of poverty and liberty belonging to another time. I must retrace the precipitous currents of the twenty years that have gone, and return to the realities of to-day. The sun sinks to rest upon the Seine, evening falls upon the quays, and the phantom I have evoked is lost in the shadows. Adieu! that other self whom I have lost and whom I shall never find. Happy is he who can see again the image of his early youth and not experience a single sentiment of regret, of bitterness, or of disillusion.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

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THE CENTENARY OF KEATS.

SEEING that John Keats was born on the 29th of October, 1795, and that the editor of THE FORUM desires that some attention be paid in its pages to the centenary of that birthday, one not unnaturally reverts to the well-known and amazing saying of a famous contemporary of the poet, whose centenary falls but five weeks later than his own, but who outlived him sixty years: "Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed, maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague, random tunefulness of nature"——. So stands it written, as an adequate appraisement and final dismissal of Keats's poetical claims, in Carlyle's "Essay on Burns."

The first sensation of the modern reader who comes upon this remarkable appreciation is of mere amazement. After that passes, it gives place to various reflections. One of the first of these is how much less courage it took to make this deliverance in 1828 than it would take in 1895, when the subject has fulfilled "his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit." Even a Carlyle, writing now, and in the same irritation against a poet whose poetry did not enable him to "get forrader" in his attempt to reconcile Scotch Calvinism and German philosophy, would scarcely venture to dismiss the claims of so established a poet in so summary a manner. The manner, indeed, is that of the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood," and, to the generation of readers of poetry that now is, seems of an incredible and revolting insolence. But, as Hooker has reminded us, "the manner of men's writing must not alienate our hearts from the truth, if it appear they have the truth." Readers of Carlyle will be loth to believe that the sentence has no meaning, and they are interested to know both what he means, and what of truth there is in his meaning. Let us hear him out, to the end of his sentence at least, omitting the abusive or disparaging epithets, as much for the sake of clearness as for his own:

> **"Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in sensibility and tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them; but rather the result of their general harmony and completion."**

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Thus disembarrassed and completed, the judgment ceases to be monstrous, and becomes at least intelligible. Indeed it raises clearly enough the question which, in one form or another, has vexed all the subsequent commentators,—Was the poetic gift of Keats, after all, anything more than sensibility and tunefulness?

Any readers who are attracted by the title of this paper may be presumed to be familiar with the admirable Introduction of Matthew Arnold to the selections from Keats given in Professor Ward's anthology. They will remember that the tone of the Introduction is apologetic as well as eulogistic; that the critic feels that the admirers of Keats are, so to speak, on their defence. This is not wholly the result of the critic's customary literary method of abasing his subject in order that he may subsequently exalt him, willing as the critic in this case shows himself to give the devil's advocate every latitude, and near to a canonization as the final exaltation comes. It is in part perhaps the traditional contempt of Englishmen for a man and poet who allowed himself to be "snuffed out by an article." It is true that the tradition that Keats was the victim of his reviewers had been finally and forever disposed of by Lord Houghton's "Life" a generation before Mr. Arnold wrote; but a tradition that had been published and accepted by Shelley, and condensed into an epigram by Byron, died very hard. The odds are that "the man in the street" to-day, if he happen to have heard of Keats at all, will have heard that he was killed by unfavorable criticism on his poems. But there was something more than the tradition to account for the apologetic attitude. There were not only the love-letters which came to light long after the publication of Lord Houghton's biography, but there was much in the poems themselves that gave countenance to the tradition, and that represented the poet as an enervated weakling and voluptuary: and neither of these testimonies could be gainsaid, since they were his own. Carlyle's sentence was based purely upon the poems, and, loudly as it may proclaim the deficiencies of its author, the reader of Keats, when he has recovered from his amazement, has to own that he sees what it means. Even Mr. Swinburne—who in this instance rather curiously concerns himself with the character as a man of a poet whose verses he admires—makes his concessions concerning the poems with rash generosity. "The 'Ode to a Nightingale,'" he says, in his energetic way, "one of the finest masterpieces of human work in all times and for all ages, is immediately preceded, in all the editions now current, by some of the most vulgar and fulsome doggerel ever

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whimpered by a vapid and effeminate rhymester in the sickly stage of whelphood." The only edition before me, except that of Lord Houghton, in which the "Ode to a Nightingale" is preceded by the "Ode to Melancholy," is one in which it is preceded by the juvenile "Imitation of Spenser," which Mr. Swinburne can scarcely have meant, and which certainly is not adequate to infuriate anybody: and indeed Keats wrote nothing to which the description can with scientific exactness be applied.

The citations are at any rate evidence that the admirers of Keats feel that they are bound to be his defenders also, and his defenders against himself, when they contend that, if he had lived, his unsurpassed and scarcely equalled power of expression would have found an ampler field, a larger form, a more adequate subject-matter. "Our greatest poet since Shakespeare by his promise," as Wordsworth by his performance, Mr. Arnold calls him. His own modest epitaph upon himself has been already cancelled by posterity. Shall we substitute for it an adaptation of Franz Schubert's: "The art of music buried here a rich possession but yet fairer hopes"? This question inevitably recurs with the centenary of the poet, and of course it is not really answerable. We are all at one with Mr. Arnold when he says that Keats "is with Shakespeare" in the felicity and magic of his expression. Indeed no discerning reader can ever have read Keats without being struck by the magical quality of expression which he shares with Shakespeare alone. But is there evidence in what he did that it lay in him to match Shakespeare also in what Mr. Arnold calls "the architectonics of poetry, the faculty which presides at the evolution of works like the 'Agamemnon' and 'Lear'"? "For this," the critic says, "he was not ripe," and leaves us with the intimation that it was only his unripeness that constituted his incompetency to equal the great monuments of poetry. How far is the intimation justified by the poetry of Keats?

One need not have read very much verse to be assured that there are poets to whom poetry is a means only of expressing what might be expressed otherwise, and poets to whom poetical expression is an end in itself. It is the same indeed in other arts. The vocation of some painters consists evidently enough in a visual excitability by forms or colors, and of many musicians in a sensuous delight in tones. A musician has even been heard to say that he preferred to hear songs in foreign languages because his understanding of the words disturbed his enjoyment. There are poets, to whom the title can by no means be denied, whose poetry is in like manner a technical mastery. In the

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existing state of English literature one may parody Oxenstiern, saying: "Go and see with how little wisdom poetry may be written." For felicity of epithet and magical music of words may become to the maker of verses what the tones of his Stradivarius are to a violinist. Nay there are two fairly well recognized "schools" of violin-playing itself, of which one respects the meaning of the composition, and the other merely beauty of tone. The poet who is independent of his matter may carry his technical perfection so far that we may find it hard to deny him the title of a great poet; but we may still refuse to admit that he is a great man.

Tennyson is reported to have said of himself that he did not particularly envy Shakespeare his power of expression, but to have added, "The difference is, there is nothing in me." I do not vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote, but it is very suggestive. The young Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of the poems and the sonnets—it is whom Keats most vividly recalls. Walter Bagehot, doing injustice to their art, dismisses the sonnets with something less than his usual discernment in saying that "as first-of-April poetry they are perfect"; but upon the "Venus and Adonis" he makes a remark that is very relevant to our purpose:

> "The type of such productions is Keats's 'Endymion.' We mean that it is the type, not as giving the abstract perfection of this sort of art, but because it shows both its excellences and its defects in a very marked and prominent manner. In this poem there are no passions and no actions, there is no art and no life; but there is beauty, and that is meant to be enough, and to a reader of one-and-twenty it is enough and more."

It would be enough, but it is doubtful whether many readers of one-and-twenty find enough beauty in "Endymion" to make them read it through, as Shelley partly justifies the "Quarterly" reviewers by intimating that he could not. The beauty is in purple patches that are not frequent enough or splendid enough to entice the reader from one to the other. "Venus and Adonis" is full of episodes, but in "Endymion" there is scarcely a clue of narrative, that the reader has patience to follow, from which the episodes diverge. Shakespeare had always a story to tell, and, with all his excursiveness, kept the journey and the journey's end in view, while Keats's excursions, both in "Endymion" and in "Hyperion,"—superior in coherency and consecutiveness as that is,—are actual meanderings "and find no end in wandering mazes lost." In "Lamia" the utility is shown of the discipline he had imposed upon himself in a study of Dryden, and in the restraint of a

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metre which bound him to coherency if not to consecutiveness. It is the one of the three that is nearest to a narrative poem and not an assemblage of passages, while its passages are finer than those of either of its predecessors. "Isabella," again, lacks unity, lacks reality, lacks illusion,—except in some isolated phrases lacks charm. It is in the "Eve of St. Agnes" alone, the shortest of all, that his charm is fully felt, and that he has produced a tale in verse that can fairly be ranked with the verse of the lyrics. And even the "Eve of St. Agnes" is not a tale in verse, but rather a succession of pictures,—pictures still vivid in the memories of readers who cannot recall what it was that happened; the picture of the beadsman in the chill chapel; the picture of *Porphyro* in the shadow of the arch; the picture of *Madeline* bathed in the "warm gules" of the transmuted winter moonlight. These succeed each other till the "Prospero" who evokes them breaks his wand and brings us back with a word from his world to our own,—

> And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
> These lovers fled away into the storm.

In truth, the poet had no more a story to tell than he had a message to deliver. If he could not present a story in the form of narration, even less could he present it in the form of action. The dramas are not only complete failures for their purpose of stage-plays. It seems plain that Keats undertook the form not from any vocation, but from the consideration, as patent then as now, that a successful drama is the most profitable of literary ventures. No more artistic consideration would have induced him to go into a partnership in which he was to put into verse the speech of characters created in situations devised by his collaborator. The event justified him in saying, when another dramatic subject was proposed to him, "I will do all this myself"; for the fragment of "King Stephen" has far more life and movement than "Otho the Great." But it is not from the point of view of the London manager alone, whose point of view the poet tried to take,—it is also from the point of view of the modern reader that the plays are failures. We have only to ask what would have been their fate if their author had written nothing else, to be assured that it would have been swift oblivion. Neither the completed work of collaboration, nor the fragment of Keats's own, denotes any real instinct for dramatic construction or for dramatic characterization. The fame of their author's lyrics keeps them in print, but does not keep them really alive. The interest of them resides scarcely even in passages, but in detached Elizabethan lines.

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Even among the lyrics it is necessary to distinguish. True songs Keats did not write,—songs that sing themselves in the memory, or have appealed to musicians by their "cantabile" quality. Of his dozen essays in that kind not one is comparable, in aptness for its purpose,—not to say with the songs of Shakespeare or of Burns,—with the songs of Scott or the "stanzas for music" of Byron. The "Meg Merrilies," which Mr. Swinburne has praised for "the simple force of spirit and style which distinguishes the genuine ballad manner," yet lacks the lilt of the genuine ballad movement. This movement Keats has once attained in a ballad too complex and modern in the sentiment, too curious and "precious" in the diction, to exemplify the genuine ballad manner, but which is nevertheless one of the most perfect of his poems,—the beautiful "Belle Dame sans Merci." It is noteworthy that while none of Keats's songs are sung, this lyrical ballad has approved itself to a composer as the libretto for a piece of programme music for the orchestra. It is in the more artificial forms of the sonnet and the ode that Keat's lyrical gift was really shown, and it is these that make him immortal. The sonnet is indeed a form that has become so artificial as to have been employed in our language for three centuries as a technical exercise in versification. That Keats labored it with diligence there is external as well as internal evidence to show, such as the competitions with Hunt and with Shelley, in which the oldest and least famous of the three was so clearly the victor that it is only his sonnets upon "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," and upon "The Nile" that are much remembered or very memorable. But that Keats attained a complete mastery of the form, and wrought in it with perfect freedom, is attested by the sonnets that are of the same rank with the odes. When Mr. Swinburne says: "He has certainly left us one perfect sonnet of the first rank, and as certainly he has left us but one,"—I for one am so much at a loss that I do not know whether the critic means to designate the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, the "Last Sonnet," the "Four Seasons" or the—

"When I have fear that I may cease to be."

In all these things there is no indication of the "architectonic" power which Mr. Arnold seems ready to ascribe to Keats. In spite of his affinity to Shakespeare in right of his magical power of words, it is not Shakespeare whom Keats most resembles, and much less Milton, to whom he owed only the same obligations with every writer of English verse since Milton's time. It was not for nothing that his

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first published lines were an imitation of Spenser, and that Shakespeare s master was Keats's master too. Let it be enough for the disciple to be as his master. Keats was an Elizabethan born out of due time, but it was not in "the pell-mell of Shakespeare's men and women," but in the fairyland of Spenser, that he lived and had his being. When he says "he looks upon fine phrases like a lover," he is Spenser's disciple. When he sings—

> "Lo, I must tell a tale of Chivalry
> For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye,"—

—it is in Spenser's world that he is dreaming. When he exclaims, the year after Waterloo,—

> —"the silver flow
> Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
> Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
> Are things to brood on with more ardency
> Than the death-day of empires,"—

—he is again Spenser's successor. And when finally he writes, "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," he is still the scholar of the poet of whom Taine says that "he has succeeded in seizing beauty in its fulness because he cared for nothing but beauty."

Here, in fact, seems to lie the secret of Keats's charm. His "sensibility" was a sensibility to beauty so delicate that, to robuster natures, it may well have seemed morbid, and his "tunefulness" a capacity of expressing it which we may well agree that no man but Shakespeare has quite matched in English words. Upon both these things,—upon sensibility to beauty and upon power of poetical expression,—Ruskin must be admitted as an expert witness, and upon both he has had occasion to give his testimony. "Turner's sensibility to beauty," he says, "was perfect; deeper far, therefore, than Byron's; only that of Keats and Tennyson being comparable with it." And in another place, of Keats's art: "I have come to that pass of admiration for him now that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work." The perfection of Keats's art, the sureness of success with which he translated into words feelings that but for him those who underwent them would have abandoned as inexpressible, make rather startling the suggestion that there was anything to which he was inadequate because for it "he was not ripe." Indeed it is the very ripeness of Keats's art at its best that distinguishes it above the work of so many generations of his elders, and makes it so astonishing as the work of a youth, so far is it removed, in its security and ease of mastery, from the struggles for expression of immaturity, from the

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mere glibness of precocity. It is the sense rather of over-ripeness than of unripeness that it gives, of a sensibility hectic and excessive. When the comparison with Shakespeare is pushed to an intimation that if Keats had survived he might have challenged Shakespeare's supremacy, one may well recall another saying of the French historian of English literature, that in Shakespeare's case and in Shakespeare's time "the solidity of the muscles balanced the sensibility of the nerves; that genius was then a blossom, and not, as now, a disease."

One cannot conceive of Keats, with his equipment of "sensibility and tunefulness," as designing another "Agamemnon" or "Lear," but one can conceive of him as dreaming another long and beautiful and happy dream like the "Faëry Queen," and describing it with the magical craftsmanship he shares with Shakespeare. That craftsmanship it was permitted him to show only in what, after all, are fragments. Mr. Palgrave, in his "Golden Treasury," has chosen what he deems the best lyrics of Keats. They are eleven in number. It does not seem to me that in the selection he has shown quite his usual sure and almost infallible tact. There is certainly nothing included that we could do without, but there are omitted the "Eve of St. Agnes" (doubtless on account of its length), the fragment "To May" (doubtless because it is a fragment), but also the odes "To Psyche," "To Melancholy," and "To a Grecian Urn,"—for reasons which to most lovers of Keats must be quite incomprehensible. Add these five, and there are sixteen poems, none of great length, which I think are all that these lovers of Keats will agree upon as quite indispensable to themselves and to the poet's fame, interesting and in part beautiful as many others may be. Of the odes, one cannot do better than copy Mr. Swinburne's saying: "Greater lyrical poetry the world may have seen than any that is in these; lovelier it surely never has seen, nor ever can it possibly see." We cannot look forward to any time, when English poetry is still read, when these things are not held to be among its glories; nor can we doubt that the second centenary of John Keats will be at least as noteworthy as the first throughout the English-speaking world.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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COÖPERATION AMONG FARMERS.

For the past three years I have been active in a movement intended to unite the orchardists of California in marketing their fruit. The importance of this movement may be understood from the fact that the orchards and vineyards of California now probably represent a larger investment than any other industrial interest, and that, unless certain permanent reforms in the trade can be effected, there is danger that a large portion of the capital invested will be lost. The mortgage indebtedness is very serious; the general depression in values has temporarily wiped out the equities of the nominal owners; and while a partial recovery is doubtless to be expected in due time, it is not believed by the best informed that, under present conditions of marketing, our orchards and vineyards can continue to maintain those who occupy them in their present standard of comfort. We are endeavoring by a general popular movement to remove the evils which oppress us.

The difficulty in the case is not failure of crops. Our trouble has been to get our product to the distant consumer at prices low enough to secure a good demand, and from the gross proceeds to reserve for the producer sufficient to sustain him in reasonable comfort. The fruit business cannot, like the wheat or pork trade, be expanded or contracted from year to year; orchards and vineyards, once tended to maturity, will yield their product, which cannot be changed or curtailed. Our fruits are not like those of most Eastern farmers,—a by-product from an acre or two, requiring no attention until harvest: to cultivate them properly is the serious business of our lives. Fruit-raising, as pursued in California, is the severest and most exhausting of agricultural occupations, though the poetic side of it appeals so strongly to the imagination as to cause a constant drift into the business of those physically and financially unable to prosecute it successfully. There are also serious difficulties growing out of our position, thousands of miles by overland routes from our principal markets, and exposed to competition from producers much more accessible to them; in fact it is only the excellent quality of our product that enables us to compete at all.

In all our fruit industries we are laboring under the disadvantage

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of an output produced under an unnatural stimulus, and increasing faster than new markets can be created. The stories of enormous profits derived from fruit-raising, so widely circulated by Californian land-sellers, are all, I presume, true; I have inquired into many of them and found them correct. For example, in 1893, from ten acres of orchard, one of our largest growers sold 55 tons of dried prunes at 5 cents per pound,—a yield, as trees are usually planted, of 110 pounds of dried fruit to the tree, with a money value of $660 per acre, gross. The gentleman, however, has hundreds of acres of prunes among which the yield per acre of that ten acres could easily be duplicated, and perhaps exceeded, by single acres; but he has never taken the pains to publish their *average* yield. The acceptance of such stories by the unthinking as typical of the profits of Californian fruit-raising has induced an unnatural growth in the industry. Instead of 110 pounds of dried prunes to the tree, the average yield of prune-trees, during their bearing years, is probably less than 15 pounds, and the average number of crops secured before the death of the trees probably does not exceed ten.

Whenever there is general trouble in an industry, the majority of those engaged in it blame every one concerned in it but themselves; those in serious distress tend to become denunciatory and violent; and it is only under such circumstances that coöperation on any large scale can be attempted with much hope of success. Of course the real cause of the trouble in our fruit business is bad judgment on the part of a large number—doubtless a majority—of those engaged in it, in supposing possible, from any agricultural employment, average or continued profits like those which a few in California have certainly received in some years from fruit-raising. Indulging in these hopes, they ran recklessly into debt, and now they suffer. The fruit business is a staple one which will outlive its difficulties; but the troubles which speculation unfailingly brings forth led directly to the coöperative movement which I shall describe, and makes its success possible, though not certain.

While our own bad judgment was the real cause of the trouble, it was not so considered by those in the business, and when the expected incomes were not forthcoming we believed that we were being robbed, —first by the transportation companies, and next by the middlemen necessarily employed in placing our product in distant markets. The fact that the transportation companies always receive a larger share of the gross proceeds of our eastward fresh-fruit shipments than do the

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producers is accepted without question as evidence of robbery, in forgetfulness of the fact that on many products, including fresh fruit, the cost of a long transcontinental haul is necessarily greater than the cost of production, and without considering that if the present freight rate of $1.25 per hundred pounds were cut in half, as we are now demanding, the consequent reduction in Eastern retail prices, if any, would hardly be noticeable, and quite insufficient to materially extend our markets,—except in so far as increased profits to middlemen impelled them to greater activity, which of course is desirable. As to the "middlemen," there are of course among them, as among farmers, the honest and the dishonest; but a dishonest middleman does more injury to an industry than a dishonest farmer, as his operations are larger. One difficulty lies in the fact that the standard of honesty in the commission business is not fixed. The most honorable men in the business habitually do things which in law constitute felony, but which universal custom excuses, if not justifies; but loose practices by the honest open the door to worse practices by the dishonest or the reckless. The profits of the commission men and the amount of dishonesty are doubtless greatly exaggerated in the minds of an exasperated people seeking a scapegoat, but at the same time there are certainly evils in our methods of distribution which can be remedied by concerted action, provided that such action be wise and vigorous and lasts long enough to produce the desired result. We are endeavoring, with varying success, in the different branches of the fruit industry, to secure and sustain such concerted action. So far the wine-makers and the orange-growers have succeeded best. The movements with which I have been connected have as their object the far more difficult task of uniting for common action the thousands of deciduous-fruit growers scattered over the entire State. Some detail in description is perhaps essential to a proper understanding of our efforts.

I was one of many hundreds of fools in California who imagined that an orchard could be made profitable to an owner while engaged in other business, and, having learned otherwise in that school whose instruction fails not, I determined to devote myself to my orchard. In ten years of maintaining an orchard in which I myself did no work, I learned many lessons, of which the only one pertinent to this paper is that when I came to sell my fruit I did not know what to ask for it. For a time we could sell, some at one price, and some at another, in the old-fashioned way, to buyers who circulated among us, making the best bargains they could and collecting the goods for shipment.

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While we could sell our product in this way we did not complain, although we on our farms could know little or nothing of the conditions of distant markets, and the dealers, better informed than we, and not burdened with the risk of production, in the long run made money while some of us did not. As our output increased there was an increasing difficulty in selling for cash; our years of foolish bragging about our enormous yield having created among dealers everywhere a profound distrust of our ability to dispose of it, and a conviction that prices would rapidly fall. Those who had been buyers refused to handle our product except on commission; the agents of commission houses circulated among us, buying outright, sometimes at low rates, from those in most need of money, and soliciting consignments from others; and, as our product increased, the State became flooded with agents of Eastern houses, many of whom, by flattering promises and liberal advances, took advantage of the poor and inexperienced. The result of these methods applied to a rapidly increasing output thousands of miles from market was undoubtedly very bad indeed. Growers generally came to believe that their depressed markets were solely the result of the malignant operations of designing and reckless men who had conspired to rob them.

It is difficult to make general statements in regard to our fruit business which shall be at once concise and correct, as different branches are necessarily conducted by different agencies and different methods. What I have just been saying applies especially to the dried-fruit trade, which is the largest interest; but the fresh-fruit trade is in even worse condition. Fresh fruit which yields the producer 2 cents per pound must cost the Eastern consumer 8 to 10 cents per pound, on account of the cost of handling and transportation. Most of our fresh fruit, however, fails to yield the producer even one cent per pound. In many cases the grower not only contributes the packages and commissions, but has to pay some portion of the freight on fruit thus donated to its consumers. My next-door neighbor tells me that on the net result of his last year's eastward shipment he owes his commission merchant $40. He raised his fruit, packed it, and paid $40 additional for the benefit of the consumers. A grower in one of our best districts has framed in his sitting-room—unless his necessities have compelled him to use it lately—a check for $10, representing his net proceeds of one carload (2,400 pounds) of fruit,—substantially one cent per twenty-pound crate, or about one-ninth of what his packages alone cost! These facts are not trivial; they are the source of our social discontent.

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In the spring of 1892 some of the progressive orchardists of our neighboring county of Santa Clara issued a call for a mass meeting of fruit-growers at San José to consider whether it were not possible to remedy these evils. At that meeting I heard, for the first time, the details of management of a successful coöperative association of orchardists known as the "West Side Fruit-Growers' Association" of Santa Clara. This concern—then one year old—had purchased grounds and appliances, and had dried and marketed the fruit of its stockholders to their satisfaction. Encouraged by their success, the mass meeting referred to was called for the purpose of creating a larger and wider organization for the purpose of marketing the fruit of that and similar societies which might be formed, and the product of individuals drying their own fruit. The meeting resulted in the establishment of such a concern, known as the Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange, whose sales in 1893, with that of other similar associations subsequently formed in that county, amounted to considerably more than $500,000, and which was able, in a very severe year, by the publication of information and by preventing consignments, to give a strength and stability to the market which it had never before known. I served this Exchange as an officer and director for a year.

In October, 1893, our State Horticultural Society met at San José to observe the workings of these institutions; and, having noted the details of the commercial operations on a large scale conducted by plain farmers, the Society in its enthusiasm resolved that a State Fruit Exchange should be founded, whose duty it should be to organize the fruit-growers of the entire State for similar purposes, and appointed a committee to carry out the plan. This committee, in pursuance of its instructions, organized and incorporated the California Fruit Exchange, with headquarters at San Francisco, first, however, calling a mass meeting for a more general indorsement. This meeting, at which nearly all the fruit-growing counties were represented, indorsed and accepted the work already accomplished, chose permanent directors for the first year, and formally recognized the State Exchange as "the authorized representative of the fruit-growers of California."

The movement which I have briefly described is by no means the beginning of coöperative fruit-marketing in this State. The California Fruit Union was incorporated some years ago for marketing fresh fruits, and for several years its sales exceeded $1,000,000 annually, and served a most valuable purpose. A State Dried-Fruit Union was organized a year or two later, but was a failure. The raisin-growers of the

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San Joaquin Valley have made great struggles to organize, but for lack of means to supply the necessary plant have been compelled to unite with commercial packers in organizations whose main purpose it is to secure the same price for the same grade to all growers, and to keep goods in this State until sold. These organizations have never been successful. The orange-growers of Southern California succeeded in so organizing that for the last two years the coöperative associations have controlled the bulk of the oranges.

The exact functions of our coöperative fruit societies hardly need a description. They are simply fruit-drying and commission houses, transacting their business precisely like other commercial firms engaged in the same business. They are owned by the neighboring farmers, who by stock subscriptions supply the necessary capital, and they usually handle the fruit of their stockholders only. The number of stockholders varies from 25 or 30 in the smaller societies, to 500 or 600 in the Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange. In Southern California from 80 to 90 per cent of the orange-growers belong to the exchanges; about 90 per cent of the wine-makers belong to the wine-makers' corporation,—the most effective of all, as it nearest approaches the ordinary commercial "trust." The coöperative societies charge a commission just as competitive firms do; but, instead of charging a fixed commission, the total expense is computed at the end of the season and charged upon the total output. When an owner is paid in full before the close of the season, he is charged the usual commercial rate; and if the rate charged is more than the cost, he receives a rebate at the close. As the societies never buy, and consequently need little capital, no attempt is made to increase capital from the profits of business. Thus far the cost of selling deciduous fruits coöperatively has been about the same as by selling through commercial firms. This has doubtless been a disappointment to the majority, but they have had their profit in other ways. With experience they should be able to make a small saving, but there is really no great profit in a commission business honestly conducted: the main profit of coöperation is the suppression of irregular practices.

But while the operations of the local societies do not materially differ from those of commercial houses, the California Fruit Exchange is something different, and of a much higher character. The question with us is whether it is not above the comprehension of the majority of those whose support is essential. This we are patiently waiting to discover. This Exchange seeks to unite all orchardists of California for certain common purposes, but not itself to manipulate or sell the prod-

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uct. I have stated that the cost of coöperative selling is equal to that of selling through commission houses. This is partly due to inexperience and the lack of executive vigor, which must always be a feature of coöperation, but mainly to a vicious duplication of expense, or to the omission of expense which is essential to proper management. For example, the operation of selling fruit is simple enough if you only know what price to set so as to move your product when you wish to, and yet secure the highest price which conditions warrant. But to learn the facts upon which sound judgment as to these transactions can be based is a labor of infinite detail, requiring decided ability; for in a coöperative marketing society, in which all products of the same grade are mingled and sold together, and the same net proceeds paid to all, the management is compelled so to frame its policy from the beginning of the season to the end as to ensure the best results to all its members. This requires a fund of information, a touch with the market, and a breadth of view not attainable by a small society of farmers; nor have our strongest deciduous-fruit societies ever yet spent enough money in securing the necessary information to enable them to become as good judges of the probable course of the market as our best commission men or the great merchants. One function of the State Exchange is to do this work at the common expense, and for the benefit of all, better than any single society could afford to do it. In the same way the advertising of our common product, the opening of new markets, the testing of new methods, the securing of uniform and the best methods of grading and packing, are all essential to the profitable management of our crops, and should be done by a common agency maintained at the common expense. It is also doubtless true that, loudly as we farmers denounce trusts and declaim in favor of coöperation, as a matter of fact that form of coöperation which comes nearest to doing for us what is accomplished by the most successful trusts is the form which will best suit us, and what we really seek;[1] but to obtain any such result requires con-

[1] It is amusing to observe the unwillingness of farmers to acknowledge that the principle of our organizations is identical with that of the great commercial trusts. Of course, the fact is that such coöperation as we are engaged in is simply the organization of one class to compete more effectively with others. The reason why the great commercial trusts are objectionable, in spite of the economic saving involved in their methods, is that they are strong, and, being strong, will probably abuse their power just as we would could we attain a like strength. Our societies are not thus objectionable, because, with human nature as it is, we can never be strong enough to be dangerous; the most we can expect is to protect ourselves against the better organized classes. We are no better than the commercial classes; we simply have less ability and less strength.

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trol of the output, which can be gained only by organization. It is therefore to the interest of those growers who are organized, to induce others to join them in efforts for the common benefit; and this duty is part of the work of the State Exchange, and the first entered upon. While there was never any intent that it should engage in a direct commercial business, it was really to do so should occasion demand.

The difficulty of maintaining the State Exchange has arisen from the fact that its operations required immediate outlay, while its benefits, although obvious, could not be computed in definite percentages on any main product. It could be sustained only by a light tax spread over a large output, and few were willing to subject their fruit to the tax, since they believed that the work would be done for them for nothing if they did not contribute.[1] Subscriptions for stock have been made to a considerable extent, and the capital so raised has been expended in promoting local organizations, in the expectation that these organizations would unite with the older ones in subjecting their fruit to a uniform tax for the support of the State Exchange, and in replacing the capital spent in their organization. Thus far, however, the local societies, once organized, show a disposition to ignore the common parent, and leave it without the means to do the work which they cannot do well themselves. I do not know whether this state of things will continue; we think it will not, but that the close union desired will finally come about as designed: if not, the result must be the gradual disintegration of the weaker societies, for the reason that they cannot manage their marketing so wisely or so cheaply as the commission houses. The commission houses will therefore necessarily get the business, and this will leave the stronger societies too weak to have much influence in the market. We think that, as experience reveals this condition, the desired union will be brought about.

While the California Fruit Exchange aims to unite all branches of the fruit industry in that State, its operations thus far have been mostly directed to the organization of deciduous-fruit growers. The well-organized orange-growers express their readiness to unite with other branches for certain purposes as soon as the latter have so organized themselves as to control the necessary revenue. The raisin-growers of the San Joaquin Valley are individually ready to join, but have not thus far succeeded in effective organization. Coöperation outside the wine and orange interests does not yet command the sup-

[1] We find in coöperation what is predicted for socialism,—most of our energy is spent in getting shirks to do their part.

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port of the largest growers; to a man, they desire to see it go on, but they will not aid the movement except by talk. Their reasons are various. Some are so involved by indebtedness to commission houses that they are not really at liberty to coöperate; others are of the opinion that in the struggle for existence they will survive and be better off if they do not help others to survive with them. And so it results that our deciduous-fruit organizations represent mostly small growers not very firmly held together, and controlling possibly one-fifth of the total output.

There can be no question, however, of the immense value of the coöperative movement of the past three years to the fruit-growers of California. Besides the strong organizations of the wine-growers and the orange-growers, there are some thirty or forty societies of deciduous-fruit growers—by far the strongest being those of Santa Clara County—which are gradually learning how to work together effectively through the State Exchange. But aside from the creation of these organizations the educational advance is astonishing. Where, three years since, there was almost absolute ignorance of the processes of marketing, there is now a general intelligence which renders the manipulations and deceptions which were formerly common utterly impossible. The competition of the coöperative societies has led to such an improvement in the service rendered by commission houses as alone to repay an hundredfold the cost of the coöperative effort, and in these and other indirect ways the benefits of coöperation are felt and acknowledged by all. There is danger, however, that growers, finding no present saving in the cost of marketing, will not persist in coöperation until the managers of societies have learned the business so well that they make the small saving in expense which is certainly possible by coöperation.

My duties as manager of the State Exchange have brought me into close contact with our local organizations, old and new, and, with my previous experience as an officer of the Santa Clara County Exchange, have given me a wide range of observation of the practical working of what now promises to be a distinctive feature of modern social life. As a result of this observation I cannot say that I have yet reached many definite conclusions, but I have noted some things, and may be able to make some reflections of value to social students.

Coöperation is socialism in the sense that what we are seeking to do is in the direct line of the socialistic theory. We seek to cause the same labor, when expended with equal judgment, to bring to all the

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same reward. If we farmers can by voluntary association successfully accomplish our aims, we shall dispense with much unnecessary labor and uncertainty, of which our products now bear the cost, to the decided profit of the producer or consumer, as the case may be; we shall direct our labor into the most productive channels, and we shall do, and get the profit of doing, for ourselves, many things which we now hire others to do. If a community can organize and *keep itself organized* for marketing its products, it may be able to organize for other industrial purposes; and State socialism, if it ever comes, will be but enacting into law the terms of the established life of the community, which is what I suppose Socialists expect. The fact that we are attempting this on a larger scale than elsewhere seems to make our movement an interesting subject for study.

For the present I believe that we must confine coöperative effort to very simple matters, which are familiar to most of those coöperating. Coöperative stores, coöperative mills, coöperative canning companies, I constantly warn farmers against touching. They are almost always promoted by some one desiring a place for which he is not fit, and usually come to grief. I draw the line at all coöperative enterprises involving the purchase of material or merchandise to be sold again. These are unsafe for farmers in their present state of development. The objects of our societies are very simple: they are, first, to inform ourselves, before selling, of the condition of the market, —remembering that our market is thousands of miles away; second, to increase our market by proper advertising at the general expense, and by ensuring honest and uniform packing; third, to ensure the sale of our own labor to as great an extent as possible, by doing for ourselves whatever we do not find it more profitable to hire others to do; fourth, to obtain for our product in each year whatever the conditions of the market warrant; fifth, to eliminate from the process of marketing all unnecessary labor; and sixth, to prevent speculation by refusing to sell until our product is ready, and then selling at the market price, keeping our goods in our own possession until sold. This is all that we try to do, and we find even this sufficiently complex for farmers to deal with.

It is evident that if one capable person owned all the orchards in California, the above are in the main the lines upon which he would work. The question to be solved is whether some thousands of growers can so organize as to attain these ends. It is plain that our product will be more wisely marketed under a single direction, provided that direction be competent; and this raises the crucial question not only of

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coöperation but of socialism. Can a community so organize as to bestow the management of its larger industrial affairs on the fittest? While, as I have said, it will be to the advantage of all to have the business of all managed by the most capable, it will be a distinct disadvantage if it falls into the hands of the incompetent; and it is said that socialism would be the reign of mediocrity. In competitive society this of course arranges itself: whoever feels an aptitude for business seeks it, and if business prospers in his hands it increases, and his reward is correspondingly great. In a coöperative or socialistic society, what are to be the inducements to the most competent to devote days and nights to study, and to submit to the constant strain of strenuous exertion by which alone the rewards of business success can be attained, and by which alone business can be successfully managed? Of course, no one who is competent to deal with these subjects, and who has had occasion to deal with them, has failed to consider this problem; but if any solution has been given I have failed to meet with it, and it comes home to me with the greater force as I am now face to face with a concrete example of it,—and the illustrative value of an actual case may excuse the necessary personal allusion.

I am holding a position[1] for which I am incompetent, and which I do not desire. Hundreds of orchardists are looking to me for advice which I am incompetent to give, for the lack of such knowledge and experience as will support strong convictions. I am supposed to be as competent as any one available, or we should secure a better man; we need the service of one trained not only in commercial life, but in our special line, and although we know many who could do what we need done, we know no one who is not now better situated than he would be in any employment we could give. The farmer has no conception of the labor and expense required to obtain the knowledge wisely to direct large affairs, nor any notion of the strain of business. He does not know—and will not believe—that it is far more exhausting to dictate letters and decide business questions all day than to split rails for the same length of time; nor that those to whom large affairs are entrusted must mingle, out of business hours, with others doing business in a large way, and that this involves serious expense. We could get a capable man in my place in a week if we could pay him and ensure him permanence in office; but at the annual meeting a party

[1] Since writing this paper I have resigned as manager of the Exchange, but in revising it I have decided to let this paragraph stand as giving a more lively presentation of the difficulty than I could now write.

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would be quite sure to develop in favor of "economy" and against "fat salaries," and our capable man, if he were not displaced, would be made very uncomfortable and very uncertain of his future.

Coöperation, like socialism, seems to offer no career to capable men; it does offer a career to the demagogue, and to the half-competent to whom the stipend which the farmer will consent to pay is something not otherwise attainable. This is the first difficulty we have to meet. Socialism has hitherto been destructive only; let constructive Socialism begin by proclaiming the principles upon which its rewards for competence and responsibility shall be apportioned, and its methods of ascertaining relative competence. In competitive society the capable man fights his way to the control of large affairs, and to the profit and respect which attends it. Himself an expert, as he needs assistance he selects it wisely, and from his assistants the ablest are likely to continue his business or to found new establishments. In coöperation the management is chosen by those less competent than the management needs to be, and often not qualified to judge either of the qualifications required or of the fact of their possession by the men of their choice. I do not see how it can be otherwise in any form of socialistic society. A study of coöperation should foreshadow the possibilities of socialism. The good of the community requires that important affairs be managed by able men. The management of a coöperative society is hampered from the start by difficulties never encountered by the managers of ordinary commercial houses. It must not only transact the business entrusted to it, but must hold its constituency together to get the business. In competitive society the agent is at least sure of the support of his employers; in coöperation his employers are quite likely to desert him at any minute, and then hold him responsible for the consequences of their own desertion.

Like others of my age, I know many men; and the chief difference I find among them is the number of facts pertaining to or affecting his own business, that each knows accurately. When two men, however different their walks of life, know each substantially the same facts, I find almost no difference in the conclusions they derive from them. It seems to me that men differ less in logical faculty than in any other. The farmer knows almost nothing of the facts or routine of commercial life, and, being ignorant, is easily deceived; being often deceived, he becomes suspicious; and, being more often deceived by those who profess to serve him than by others, he is especially suspicious of that class. This renders it very difficult to hold them together in coöpera-

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tive work. The enthusiasm of a public meeting may easily cement them, but they are prone to fall asunder while the mortar is still green. Those who prey upon popular ignorance and weakness must necessarily dislike the progress of coöperation, which they invariably seek to defeat, not by attacking its principles, but by impugning the motives of those actively promoting it,—and to such insinuations or open charges farmers lend very ready ears. It is not unreasonable that they should, for there is now no commercial reason why capable men should take charge of coöperative affairs; and those who can be moved to do so by sentimental reasons are not at all sure to be commercially competent. In fact, as matters now stand, I think the chances two to one that if a coöperative leader is capable, he is dishonest, and that, if he is honest, he is incapable.[1] In a blind sort of way farmers feel this, and the great infirmities of human nature—lack of exact knowledge and firm will—make them easy to deceive and then easy to lead.

These are some of the fundamental difficulties with which we have to deal in coöperation, as they appear to one who is earnestly trying to surmount them. There are troubles of detail, of course, with which this paper has no concern. We are dealing with these difficulties in California to the best of our ability, and the aggregate of encouragement is very large; but so, alas, is the aggregate of discouragement. What the outcome may be, of course we know not, but we who have hope and courage expect to succeed.

The world cannot afford to commit its large affairs to mediocrity, nor can it afford, as the price of competence, the power to oppress. Whoever will devise plans whereby coöperation may be assured of competent and honest direction, shall deserve of his fellow men a monument higher than Mount Ararat.

EDWARD F. ADAMS.

[1] I suppose I must be considered a leader in coöperation, but in confessing, as I have above, my incapacity, I have selected my horn of this dilemma. Besides, I am sure that some are both capable and honest.

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A GENERATION OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

VASSAR COLLEGE reached its thirtieth birthday in September, 1895. Its brief existence practically covers the whole period of advanced education for women. Vassar opened its doors in September, 1865; Smith and Wellesley were established ten years later; Bryn Mawr, ten years later still; and the chief co-educational universities—Boston, Cornell, Michigan, and others—date from the neighborhood of 1870. Woman's opportunities for degree-taking are too numerous and too widely known to be even recounted at the present time; but there is a matter of kindred and greater interest about which almost no information has been collected. This is the subsequent career of the graduates. What becomes of the students after leaving college? What is the probable future of the girls who are now marching in battalions to our different educational institutions?

From the "Vassar General Catalogue," the "Alumnæ Register," and the "Vassar Miscellany" (the college monthly) it is possible to gather tolerably complete information about the occupations of a thousand and more women who have received the degree of A.B. As Vassar is the oldest of the woman's colleges, and as these institutions have many more points of likeness than of unlikeness, its record may be taken as broadly typical of others.

The scientific student will at once see the difficulty of reaching exact conclusions. In the first place it is impossible to write the history of a living institution, especially of one so young as a woman's college. Again, it is beyond human power to get absolutely correct data for any census. Figures will always lie, no matter how carefully percentages are deduced. But as the average mortal likes to see "where he is at," it is hoped that the following statements may be of interest as throwing light upon one of the most important of contemporary movements. If the reader will only agree not to learn the facts by heart in order to quote them ten years hence, the writer may hope to convey a fairly correct impression.

Vassar College has graduated twenty-nine classes, containing 1,182 members. As the class of '95, numbering 100, has made no record of any sort, it is obviously unfair to include it for statistical purposes;

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hence the following computations will be based upon a total of 1,082 graduates, embracing all the classes between '67 and '94, inclusive, and including all alumnæ who have been graduated one year or more.

The first question everybody is impatient to ask is, Do college women marry? Before I bring forth the fatal facts, let me tell the story of the young man to whom an eccentric uncle bequeathed a fortune on condition that he lived and died a bachelor. As it could not be determined until after the young man was dead whether or not he would fulfil the conditions of the will, the court decreed that the legacy could not be paid. In like manner, as most of the Vassar women are not yet dead, it is impossible to present other than tentative matrimonial statistics. The record to date is this: Of 1,082 alumnæ, 409 have married,—a trifle less than 38 per cent of the whole. As the "Miscellany" reports marriages every month, this percentage will be inaccurate before even another class has been graduated. A truer proportion may be found by taking the records of some of the earlier classes. The first class ('67) numbered four members: of these, three have married,—75 per cent. The class of '68 had twenty-five members: fifteen of these—or 60 per cent—have annexed another name to that on their college diploma. Of the thirty-four members of '69, there are twenty-one married, or not quite 62 per cent. The class of '70 presents nearly the same record: of the thirty-four members, twenty-two are married, or, as Miss Coffin of '70, a gifted artist, stated at the last alumnæ luncheon: "Our matrons—in our class two-thirds of the whole number—have allayed the terrors of man lest he be left a forlorn bachelor wandering at the foot of the mountains of science and art, while woman, in her maiden robes, disappears from sight in the clouds of the summit." The last of these four classes has just celebrated its quarter-centennial. According to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, by the time a man has been twenty-five years out of college he has either failed or won in the battle of life. Assuming that a woman's occupation and prospects would be settled by that time, it may be stated that, in the first four classes of Vassar, sixty-one of the ninety-seven members—or about 63 per cent—have married: a little less than two-thirds of the whole number. A college woman's chances of marriage, then, are about two to one: but even this will not do for an absolute statement; for, as matrimony can be entered upon at a greater age than almost any other profession, it is quite possible that the semi-centennial of these classes may show an increased percentage in that direction. The average age of students upon graduating from Vassar

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is twenty-two years and some months. The late Maria Mitchell used to say, "Vassar girls marry late, but they marry well." Let us hope that time may not disprove her observations.

The time-honored profession of teaching ranks next to matrimony in engaging the attention of Vassar women. Of 1,082 graduates, 408—or 37.6 per cent—are recorded as teachers. Some of these have taught only two or three years; perhaps less than half the number have made the profession a life-work. Upon referring to the records of the first four classes we find but eighteen out of the ninety-seven members—or about 18.33 per cent—now engaged in teaching. Many Vassar women have attained high rank in the educational profession. Vassar has furnished professors and instructors to Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley Colleges; an instructor to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; instructors to several co-educational colleges; a dean to Barnard College; and principals and teachers to normal and high schools and to academies. In private-school work Vassar's influence has been large. Within the last few years the colleges have transformed the girls' private schools of this country, and much of this result is due to Vassar women, many of whom now control schools of their own.

Next in number to those who have engaged in imparting knowledge stands the group of women who have gone on acquiring knowledge for themselves. There is scepticism in some quarters about the value of college degrees. Many people outside educational circles regard the titled recipients as the man did his dog. A stranger approached the carefully specialized specimen of the canine race and asked, "Is that a bird-dog?" "No." "Is he a watch-dog?" "No." "Does he know any tricks?" "No." "What in thunder is he good for, then?" "Nawthin', but to take prizes at dog-shows." It is true that the magic letters, A.M. and Ph.D., stand for acquisition rather than achievement, but their value in the realm of scholarship is high, and woman's colleges would have proved but half their point if they had not shown the ability of their students to take rank in the graduate as well as in the undergraduate world. The graduate record of Vassar to June, 1895, is as follows: fifty have received the degree of A.M.; eight have received the degree of Ph.D. (five of them from Yale); three, the degree of S.B. (Institute of Technology); two, that of LL.B.; and one, that of LL.D.,—sixty-four in all. As far as can be ascertained, twenty-two are at present studying for advanced degrees. There is one student at each of the foreign universities at Heidelberg, Leipsic, Göttingen, Geneva, Dresden, and

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Brussels; and in our own country, Radcliffe, Yale, and the University of Chicago each claims several students. Four Vassar women also hold fellowships at the University of Chicago. Many other graduates have pursued special studies for longer or shorter periods at American and foreign universities. If we count in those who have pursued advanced courses of a strictly professional nature, we must add the physicians. There are twenty-five who have taken the degree of M.D. There are seven more who are now studying medicine at the Johns Hopkins and New York medical colleges, and at Chicago and Michigan universities. The general statement can then be made that eighty-nine graduates have taken the degrees of A.M., Ph.D., M.D., S.B., LL.B., and LL.D., and that twenty-nine are now pursuing advanced studies with that end in view. This is a total of 118, or nearly one-ninth of the entire number of Vassar alumnæ.

Literary work ranks next in order. Forty-seven graduates (not including writers of scientific papers, who are classed by themselves), have furnished matter for the printing-press. Nearly every magazine and review in this country, and some in England, and most of the prominent American daily and weekly papers, have published contributions from Vassar women. The forty-seven workers are divided as follows: twenty-four write for magazines and newspapers; six write for newspapers alone; there are five regular journalists; four authors of novels and children's books; four editors of papers; two editors of collections of poetry; and two authors of books on physical training. If Vassar has not yet startled the world with a genius "On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled," she has at least contributed something to cultivated contemporary thought.

The medical profession has already been mentioned. Of the twenty-five graduates who have taken the degree of M.D., probably most are practising physicians, though in some cases the additional title of MA has kept the married doctors from practising outside their own homes. Seven medical students are reported. It seems rather strange that Vassar graduates are not more largely represented in the profession of medicine, which offers to women such wide opportunities for usefulness and comparatively large pecuniary returns. The only explanation that I can suggest is that women who have a decided bent for medicine do not seem to have the time or the money for a college course. In looking over the catalogues of woman's medical colleges, one finds the A.B.'s in a noticeable minority.

The sixth department of activity includes teachers who give other

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than book instruction. Under this head I have grouped eight teachers of music, two of painting, three of physical culture, two of industrial work, and one in an institution for the blind,—sixteen in all.

The authors of scientific papers occupy the seventh place in point of numbers, but they include some graduates of the first distinction. The writers are twelve in all. Mrs. Christine Ladd-Franklin ('69), who has been a fellow at Johns Hopkins University and has received the degree of LL.D., is a phenomenal mathematician, and her papers on such subjects as the Pascal Hexegram, Methods of Determining the Horopter, the Algebra of Logic, etc., have appeared in the most advanced scientific periodicals and in the publications of Johns Hopkins University. Mrs. Ellen Swallow-Richards ('70), who properly belongs under the list of chemists, has published much in the line of chemical and mineralogical investigation. Mrs. Annie Howes-Barus ('74) did an important work in collecting the Health Statistics of Alumnæ, which dealt the final blow to the old theory that a college education is injurious to a girl's health. Mrs. Barus is now investigating the Development of Children. Dr. Mary Sherwood ('83), who took her degree at the University of Zürich, and is now resident gynecologist at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, has had contributions in the reports of that institution,—the only ones from a woman's pen. Miss Margaretta Palmer ('87), who completed the definitive orbit of Maria Mitchell's comet, has had papers printed in the "Transactions" of Yale Observatory; and Miss Ida Welt ('91), a young chemist of great promise, has had Researches on Dissymmetrical Hydrocarbons published by the Academy of Science of France.

Many and varied are the other occupations pursued by Vassar women, each with a small individual following. Librarianship has recently been elevated to the dignity of a profession, and six graduates have adopted it. There are five artists and five farmers. Included in the latter list is Mrs. Francis Fisher-Wood ('74), known in several other ways, who is the proprietor of the Kingwood herd of Jerseys, and manufacturer of a choice brand of sterilized milk for the special feeding of infants. There are four chemists, two of whom deserve further mention. Mrs. Swallow-Richards ('70), beside her advanced scientific investigations, has done practical work which deserves the gratitude of every housekeeper. Her pamphlets on Home Sanitation, The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning, etc., have been widely circulated. Mrs. Richards is also the founder of that famous pioneer institution, the New England Kitchen, of Bos-

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ton. Miss Welt ('91) has distinguished herself in the universities of Geneva and Paris, and is said to be the only woman chemist in the latter city. Three graduates have become missionaries,—two to Japan and one to India. A fourth is the wife of a missionary to China. In this connection may be mentioned two other women of influence in foreign lands. Stematz Yamakawa ('82) was the first Japanese girl to graduate from an American college. As the wife of Iwao Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War, she has had much to do with the progress of her native land. Miss Emma W. Comfort ('89), formerly of New York city, is the wife of Crookshank Pasha, of Egypt. Three graduates have devoted themselves to the most modern forms of philanthropic work. Two are at the head of college settlements,—Miss K. B. Davis ('92) in Philadelphia, and Miss S. G. Chester ('88) among the mountain whites of North Carolina. Miss Susan F. Swift ('83), one of the most brilliant of Vassar women, is a major in the Salvation Army in London,—the only American woman to hold such a position. There are three astronomers. Prof. Mary W. Whitney ('68) is Maria Mitchell's successor at Vassar. Before taking that chair she had studied much in this country and abroad, and had been connected with the Harvard Observatory. Miss Hannah F. Mace ('90) is assistant to Professor Newcomb in the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. Three graduates have acted as editorial assistants in the making and revision of dictionaries. Their work has been on the Century, the Standard, and the International dictionaries.

Other occupations which claim only one or two members each will be found in the tabulated statement shown on the next page. It should be remembered that this represents the activity of Vassar women collectively rather than individually. The same name is often included under two divisions, especially those of matrons and teachers. Occasionally the same person will appear in several lists, being perhaps a matron, a teacher, a recipient of advanced degrees, a chemist, and a writer of scientific papers. Some graduates have been prominent in so many ways that it is difficult to determine their life work.

Vassar women are doing much work not susceptible of tabulation. Many graduates are members of school boards, and trustees of various institutions; some have been admitted to distinguished scientific societies; several graduates, in addition to teaching or literary work, have delivered successful courses of parlor lectures. There are probably very few, especially of the so-called women of

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leisure, who are not active in several forms of club and philanthropic work. There are no statistics available, but the influence of Vassar in these directions is not less important because unclassified.

Vassar, because of its large membership, exercises almost a dominating influence upon the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ; and in all matters pertaining to the welfare of their own *alma mater*, Vassar graduates have ever shown a lively interest. Alumnæ representation on the Board of Trustees was obtained in 1888; and since that time three graduates have shared in the councils of that honorable body. The Vassar Students' Aid Society, founded by a member of '81, yearly distributes hundreds of dollars in assisting students of promise to enter and remain in college. Vassar alumnæ have contributed to the college two scholarships of $6,000 each; they have built an alumnæ gymnasium at a cost of $28,000; they have nearly completed the Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund of $50,000; and they are now at work on a $10,000 fund for the library, besides minor gifts. The sum of $100,000 is not large as such things go, but when one considers that it has been contributed in small amounts by more than one thousand women in different parts of the world, it represents a devotion more valuable than money.

It is said that some years ago a gentleman had a cherished only daughter whom he was desirous of keeping always with him. He made some inquiries of a young Vassar alumna and found that but five or six of her class had married. "I think that I will send my daughter to college," said he, "for then there is some chance of her

TABULATED STATEMENT.

Number of graduates (not including class of '95)	1082	Astronomers, dictionary-editors, and secretaries, each	3
Matrons	409	Organists, mathematical computers, and heads of College Settlements, each	2
Teachers (including college professors)	408	Actor, bank director, bookkeeper, boarding-house keeper, copyist, companion, concert pianist, governess, government clerk, lecturer, matron of reformatory home, manager of manufacturing business, manager of newspaper, major in Salvation Army, reader, singer, superintendent of public instruction, superintendent of cooking, treasurer of lumber company, each	1
Recipients of advanced degrees (A.M., Ph.D., S.B., LL.B., and LL.D.)	64		
Literary workers (including authors, editors, and journalists)	47		
Physicians and medical students	32		
Studying for advanced degrees	22		
Teachers of arts	16		
Writers of scientific papers	12		
Librarians	6		
Artists and farmers, each	5		
Chemists and missionaries, each	4		

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staying with me." He accordingly sent his daughter to Vassar, but to his disappointment he found that not only is a college education not an absolute safeguard against matrimony, but that, if a college woman does not marry, she is exceedingly likely to do something else. Many graduates do not engage in a gainful occupation, but there are very few cases in which the impulse derived from the four years' training does not make itself felt in some form outside the round of old-fashioned domestic activities.

FRANCES M. ABBOTT.

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